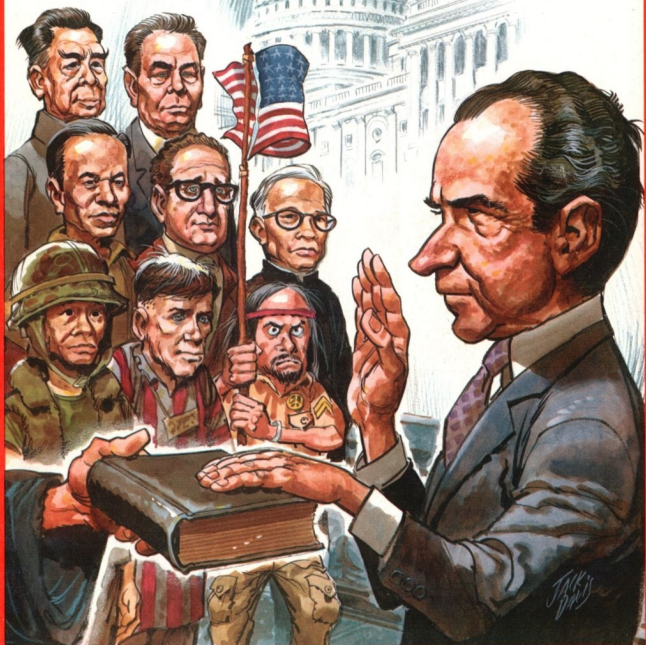


FIFTY CENTS

JANUARY 29, 1973

NIXON II: Beyond Viet Nam

TIME



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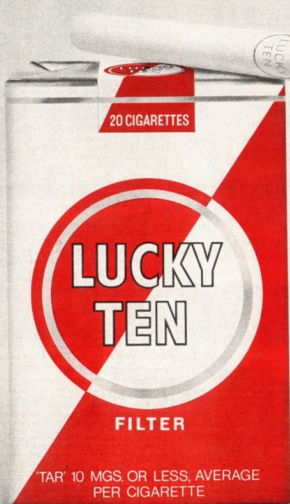
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BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC.



LETTERS

human expedient to provide surrogate kin. Kin today are in short supply, and in a zero-population-growth society they will be fewer still. Today's swingers may not realize the origins of their behavior, but its significance goes beyond sexual restlessness.

ALEX COMFORT, M.B., D.S.C.
New York City

Sir / Regarding your article entitled "Biological Imperatives," isn't it typical of this society that doctors should convert an infant with deformed genitalia into a female "with the realization that he could never be a normal man." The fact that "she" could never be a normal woman either does not seem to bother the sex experts.

MARIANNE SHEY, M.D.
Newton, Mass.

Misplaced Library

Sir / Because of the familial relationship of the two schools' founders (Exeter's John Phillips and Andover's Samuel Phillips), the schools' geographic propinquity, and the close friendship of Exeter (the Phillips Exeter Academy) in Exeter, N.H., and Andover (Phillips Academy) in Andover, Mass., it is not surprising that the caption under the photograph of the Kahn-designed new Academy Library at Exeter [Jan. 15] inadvertently placed it on the Andover campus in Andover, Mass. The library is, of course, here in Exeter.

PAUL SADLER JR.
Director of Publications
The Phillips Exeter Academy
Exeter, N.H.

The Same Words

Sir / Looking for a spectacular Second Coming of Jesus Christ [Jan. 8] as a way of solving the world's problems is a philosophy

of despair. It assumes that Jesus' way of bringing about the kingdom of God through the faithful work of his followers will not succeed.

If he were to return in visible form, would he not once again say: "Love your enemies"; "Walk the second mile"; "Blessed are you if men persecute you and revile you falsely on my account"; and "Be of good cheer for I have overcome the world?"

(THOMAS R.) J.A.M. BILLMAN
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sir / Congratulations on the definitive article "Is the End Near?" concerning the "growing thousands" of Christians who are watching the signs of the times. I do take issue with the seeming overemphasis on petty differences.

I expect that nearly all of the "growing thousands" are awaiting the Second Coming not with a sense of impending doom but of glad anticipation.

DAN E. CARL
Bellevue, Wash.

The Right to Live or Die

Sir / As Dr. William Poe of Duke University states in your article about the care for Harry Truman [Jan. 8], "...physicians are not trained to accept death as an alternative." Should it be otherwise? Philosophically, one can debate the cycle of life and death, but surely a doctor must uphold life above all else. Who is to decide when the quality of life is unacceptable for another person? I think that the question is one of human freedom more than medical ethics, as it is often presented.

I think that any doctor who yields to death as inevitable before the fact, no matter what the circumstances, is taking more responsibility for another life than any man should have. May I point out that there is ample living testimony to modern medical miracles, men who have survived "inevitable" deaths.

THOMAS KRANJAC
New York Medical College
New York City

Sir / While no definite answer exists, we must all agree that there is some sense in which a man must always retain the right to die, either by his own decision, or, in the case of advanced illness, by the decision of those closest to him.

Certainly a man or woman who is informed of a terminal disease should be allowed to decide, with the help of a doctor, to slip into death naturally without prolonging the agony.

ASHTON NICHOLS
Charlottesville, Va.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

To NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE RESTORED.

PARENTS CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEANER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS—INDEED IT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARN TWO RUPEES A DAY (25¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTLE (NOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE. AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
LOURINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING. IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM IN PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger... she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

For only \$12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Jan. 29, 1973 Vol. 101, No. 5



NIXON GIVES HIS VICTORY GESTURE AS HE AND PAT MOVE DOWN PARADE ROUTE IN OPEN LIMOUSINE

JUDITH S. KATZ

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

A Kingly Prayer

The prayers at the Presidential Inauguration are meant to be mildly inspiring, a celebration of national virtues. At President Nixon's Inauguration, the Baptist, Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox prayers all fitted snugly into this tradition, but the Jewish prayer strayed into unfamiliar terrain. Rabbi Seymour Siegel, a professor at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York and an ardent Nixon campaign worker, delivered a prayer that is customarily reserved for the presence of kings. Its text: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast given us of thy glory and flesh and blood."

The unusual use of the prayer troubled Reform Rabbi Edgar Magnin, who also participated in the Inaugural celebration. "This blessing," the rabbi commented, "reflects the age of monarchy, when a king was high and mighty and you kowtowed to him. There's nothing in it that could apply to an elected official." Nobody is ever high and mighty in a democracy, of course, and nobody ever kowtows in Washington.

Aside from its intimations of monarchy, though, Rabbi Siegel's prayer was appropriate to Inaugural traditions. Said he: "We need harmony, vision, peace to be able to fulfill our responsibilities to You and to our fellow men."

Alienation Revisited

Is the American worker—blue-collar and white-collar alike—bored with his job and alienated? So it is often said, most recently by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which reported that only 25% of the workers it polled were satisfied and would choose the same kind of job again.

Actually, both the polls and the interpretation are misleading, according to Irving Kristol, Henry R. Luce Professor of Urban Values at New York University. "About 85% of American workers, when asked whether they are satisfied with their jobs, answer in the affirmative," he wrote in the *Wall Street Journal*. "[HEW] tries to show that they don't mean what they say. Thus if an employee tells an interviewer that he finds his work satisfying but also that he would like to change his job for something better, [HEW] concludes that he is 'alienated' from his work. One gets the firm impression that the authors of this study believe that to have unfulfilled aspirations, to daydream, to engage in wishful thinking, or to express regret for lost opportunities (real or imaginary) is less than human. It also apparently never occurs to them that it is utopian to expect ordinary working people to be as content as the most successful surgeon or lawyer. Why should they be? How could they be? Where and when have they ever been?"

En Garde!

The French last week declared war on the English language. Worried about the incursions of terms like *le whisky* and *le weekend*, the government banned 350 offenders from official usage and urged the French to drop them from everyday currency as well. In place of the Anglicisms, the government proposed French substitutes. *Flashback*, for example, can be replaced by *rétrospectif*; *hit parade* will succumb to *palmarès* (literally, prize list); *one-man show* will be rendered *spectacle solo*; *tanker* will become *navire citerne*.

Frenchmen sincerely believe that their language, logical and precise, is the foundation of their civilization. They are especially worried, now that Britain has joined the Common Market, that English, rather than French, will become the primary language of European commerce and technology.

But the French may forget that the Anglo-Americans could engage in that traditional tactic known as *la riposte*. Comfortably embedded in the English language are many French phrases that could be driven out. In the art of politics, *coup d'état* might be replaced by *kayo*, *laissez-faire* by *leave it alone* and *chauvinist* by *superpatriot*. In the art of love, *soirée* would give way to the bash, *rendez-vous* to date and *femme fatale* to sexpot. As for *savoir-faire*—cool, man. But then, *plus ça change...*

Nixon II: A Chance for New Beginnings

AS Richard Nixon began his cherished "four more years," the stands before the Capitol were filled with the usual spectators—dignitaries, members of the frustrated U.S. Congress and Nixon's own somewhat besieged bureaucracy. But another varied cast of characters could readily be visualized as symbolic spectators: world leaders; the chief participants in the Viet Nam negotiations; the American P.O.W.s and the American antiwar movement—which, in perhaps its final gesture, was staging demonstrations near by. Though Nixon only briefly spoke of Viet Nam, the consciousness of the war and the prospects of a precarious cease-fire hovered over the proceedings.

Nixon's Inaugural Address indicated that his quest for "a peace that will endure for generations" remained his primary goal and world affairs still concerned him most. In a restrained, muted speech, he spoke of America's "bold initiatives" in 1972, and warned against "a time of retreat and isolation." He also restated the Nixon doctrine enunciated on Guam in 1969: "The time has passed when America will make every other nation's conflicts our own, or presume to tell the people of other nations how to manage their own affairs."

Seeking to link foreign and domestic policies, Nixon declared that both abroad and at home the U.S. must turn away from paternalism, from an attitude that "Washington knows best." He developed his familiar themes—less federal spending, more self-reliance. Said he: "Let us remember that America was built not by government but by people—not by welfare, but by work—not by shirking responsibility, but by seeking responsibility." As if yearning for the world of his California boyhood, when self-reliance brought just rewards and fewer people were locked into an interdependence that required the helping hand of government, Nixon turned around John Kennedy's most famous pitch for patriotism: "Let each of us ask, not just what will government do

for me, but what I can do for myself."

As Nixon defended this philosophy, it does not mean that he wants government to ignore its duties. "The shift from old policies to new will not be a retreat from our responsibilities, but a better way to progress," he promised. But, as interpreted by many Congressmen, worried mayors and various advocates of federal social programs, Nixon was setting the stage for an onslaught against the liberal domestic policies of past Democratic Presidents. His State of the Union message this week, and his budget presentation next week, will pinpoint the programs to be cut. "The President's budget message," predicted one of his aides, "will be akin to the firing at Fort Sumter." At a time when federal funds are running short, such cutbacks neatly fit his essentially conservative social attitude. Nixon watchers are sure that he has moved far away from his first-term notion, inspired by the tutelage of Pat Moynihan, that "Tory men and liberal policies are what have changed the world."

Bankrupt. Nixon has dispatched managerial experts throughout his Administration to analyze programs, eliminate those that do not work, and seek ways to cut out waste. Instead of specific grants, Nixon intends to disburse federal funds to local governments, first through unrestricted general revenue sharing and then, if Congress approves, through special revenue sharing for broadly categorized aims. Under attack will be federal programs in public housing, rural assistance, education, health, and public employment.

Even liberals have to admit that too much money has been spent for too long on ineffectual schemes, that many of the old programs are bankrupt. In large part these programs were created because state and local governments had failed to meet genuine needs; there is no guarantee that they will do so if the Federal Government now withdraws. Despite the alarms of Nixon's opponents, and some of his own rhetoric, no one can to-

tally reverse the trends of several generations; many of the programs are irrevocably locked in the modern American system. Still there is no doubt that Nixon means to cut—and cut deeply. Just how deeply will define the politics of the coming year and perhaps of the entire second term. Says one presidential adviser: "Our adversaries will argue that the President is against education or that he doesn't care about little children starving to death. We will be accused of greed and being mean-spirited. If we can articulate our position better, we might succeed."

In recent months it has been Nixon's tactics more than his aims that have made much of Congress and the bureaucracy apprehensive: his decision making in seclusion, his failure to consult Congress or inform the public. Noting that some of the Administration's friendliest columnists, such as James J. Kilpatrick and William S. White, have turned critical, one presidential aide conceded: "Maybe we have made some mistakes since the election. We should be playing the role of the magnanimous victor. We should be more open."

Viet Nam will continue to affect the U.S., as the fate of Nixon's "peace with honor" rests on the shaky base of the Saigon government's survival. The echoes of the Christmas bombing will linger, and partly account for the odd lack of triumph in Washington as the cease-fire approached; the terms of the settlement will be bitterly debated for years to come. Yet the obsessive preoccupation with Viet Nam is bound to recede, and thus a relieved President may turn more conciliatory as he leads the U.S. into the complex postwar world. Said Nixon in his address: "Let us again learn to debate our differences with civility and decency, and let each of us reach out for that precious quality government cannot provide—a new level of respect for the rights of one another." Indeed, government cannot provide that. But a President could—by setting a tone and an example.

THE NIXONS AND AGNEWS ON THE INAUGURAL STAND AFTER THE SWEARING-IN CEREMONY



The Final Push for Peace

THE divisions in Viet Nam still cut so deeply after a generation of warfare that no one could say with certainty that the fighting would soon cease. Yet last week's flurry of diplomatic maneuvering, from Key Biscayne to Saigon to Paris, gave every indication that for the U.S. peace finally was, indeed, "at hand." Declared a high U.S. official: "We are very close to a final agreement. I think there is no turning back now."

That was about as definitive a statement as Washington would allow in a week of rumors. TIME correspondents nevertheless were able to reconstruct much of the final push toward peace and to glean the general outlines of the

itary movement through this "temporary" buffer zone. South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu, on the other hand, claims that the DMZ is a permanent political border for his sovereign nation. It was largely at Thieu's insistence that the U.S. had reopened discussion on this subject, which had purposely been left vague in the nine-point agreement announced by Kissinger in October. Now, on orders from Nixon, Kissinger told Tho that the U.S. simply would not stand for protracted haggling on this point. The implication was that Nixon might turn the B-52s loose on Hanoi again.

Whether this threat was decisive is not certain, but suddenly, on Jan. 11, Tho indicated a willingness to make some concessions on the DMZ issue. Perhaps the continued pressure from Peking and Moscow to achieve a settlement was as influential as any potential

Thieu, then settled back to watch the Super Bowl game.

Without even waiting to hear Thieu's reaction, Nixon on Monday morning ordered a suspension of all U.S. "bombing, shelling and any further mining of North Viet Nam." A unilateral action unlinked to any Communist response, this was the signal to Hanoi that Nixon was satisfied with the Paris pact. It was also a sure sign to Thieu that the U.S. would make peace with or without his cooperation.

In Saigon, Thieu got the message. Although privately angered at the provisions—especially their failure to require that all North Vietnamese troops return to the North after a cease-fire—he indicated that he would bow, however reluctantly, to the U.S. pressure. He obviously feared, and with good reason, that the U.S. would cut off all aid to his government if he refused to agree. Even such staunch Thieu backers as U.S. Senators Barry Goldwater and John Stennis last week publicly urged



THIEU AT DAUGHTER'S WEDDING

impending settlement. Despite the relative rush with which the pieces began falling together, a successful outcome had been seriously in doubt at many points along the way.

When President Nixon announced on Dec. 30 that he was suspending air raids on Hanoi, and that the North Vietnamese had agreed to return to "serious" talks in Paris with Henry Kissinger, Washington was pleased, of course, but not at all sure that there would be speedy progress. At Kissinger's first session with Hanoi's Le Duc Tho on Jan. 8, the atmosphere was bitter and frosty. Kissinger therefore tackled some of the less contentious issues first, including a mutual release of military prisoners and the technicalities of arranging a cease-fire. These were largely resolved in two days of tough give-and-take.

Tho balked, however, on a key issue: the precise status of the six-mile-wide Demilitarized Zone. Hanoi, which has consistently refused to view Viet Nam as two nations, wanted free mil-



LE DUC THO (FOURTH FROM LEFT) CONFRONTS
For the U.S., no turning back.

itary moves. At any rate, that breakthrough got things moving. Both sides soon agreed in general on the size and powers of a four-nation International Control Commission to supervise the cease-fire, the authority of an interim National Council of Reconciliation to arrange for new elections in South Viet Nam, and the disposition of North Vietnamese troops in the South.

On Jan. 13 Kissinger flew back to the U.S. to present a draft of the proposed settlement to Nixon. Technical teams from both sides remained in Paris to work on the "protocols," the detailed arrangements for carrying out the general principles. Before leaving Paris, Kissinger told Tho that if Nixon approved of the draft there would be a clear military signal from the U.S.

Kissinger stopped off in Washington to pick up his former aide, General Alexander M. Haig Jr., now the Army's Vice Chief of Staff, before flying to Florida. At Key Biscayne, Nixon stayed up well past midnight to go over the draft, then discussed it for another four hours with Kissinger and Haig on Sunday morning. Convinced that the deal would give the Saigon government "a reasonable chance" to survive, Nixon dispatched Haig to talk it over with

the Saigon government not to stand in the way of a settlement.

Thieu nevertheless continued his rearguard action, giving his followers the impression that he was fighting for every possible Communist concession but was being coerced by the U.S. Instead of "objecting" to the principles of the draft, as he had done so strenuously in October, he now sought "clarification" of the protocols. For that purpose, Thieu sent his own technical team to Paris to work on the uncompleted details—and these details still contain the possibility of delay and disruption.

Yet as Haig moved on to the capitals of Cambodia, Laos and Thailand to explain the terms to officials of those governments, the peace momentum continued to build, and any resistance from Saigon looked futile. Then came the simultaneous Washington-Hanoi announcement on Thursday that Kissinger and Tho would meet again this week in Paris "for the purpose of completing the text of an agreement." That seemed to set up a final scenario, which, subject to unpredictable changes, would have the agreement initiated before the end of the week. Ministers of the four

concerned regimes—the U.S., North Viet Nam, South Viet Nam and the Provisional Revolutionary Government (Viet Cong)—would formally sign the papers next week. A cease-fire would go into effect 24 hours later—just in time for Tet, the Vietnamese New Year, which begins on Feb. 3.

What happens after that will be determined by how each side follows the provisions of the truce agreement. On many points the emerging agreement does not differ much from the aborted Washington-Hanoi arrangements of October. The U.S. will withdraw all of its troops from South Viet Nam within 60 days after the cease-fire, and Hanoi will release all American prisoners of war within the same period. Within 30 days, an international conference will be held with representatives of the U.S., China, Russia, North Viet Nam, South Viet Nam, the P.R.G., Britain and France, in order to ratify the settlement more broadly. A four-nation International Control Commission (presum-

WITHDRAWALS. Thieu also lost on his demand that all North Vietnamese troops withdraw from the South. Instead, the cease-fire permits all forces to retain control of areas they hold at the time the truce begins. As in October, there is a tacit understanding that some of the North Vietnamese troops (estimated at about 145,000) will withdraw, but the agreement apparently will call only vaguely (and with little practical meaning) for some demobilization of forces on both sides. No new troops will be allowed to enter South Viet Nam, but military equipment can be replaced on a "piece-for-piece" basis.

PRISONERS. In December Hanoi tried to connect the release of American P.O.W.s with a simultaneous release by the Saigon government of all the political prisoners it holds (estimated by U.S. officials in Saigon at 100,000). It has yielded on that, leaving the question of civilian prisoners to later negotiations with Saigon. The South Vietnamese, however, will free some 9,000 North

freer movements of his own police and aircraft for the protection of areas he controls. A last-minute decision for the U.S. is just which of these and other Thieu reservations, if any, to take seriously enough to present again in Paris.

The imminent peace agreement apparently will be a somewhat tighter and more detailed pact than the one originally brought home by Kissinger in October. It is thus more to the liking of President Nixon, a lawyer who mistrusts ambiguities. Yet diplomats often prefer vagueness when situations are so complex that they cannot be reduced to neat and enforceable formulations on paper. Whether the slight improvement over the October deal is worth the December air raids remains doubtful.

Thieu has probably been somewhat



KISSINGER ACROSS THE CONFERENCE TABLE
For the Vietnamese, a bitter beginning.

ably Canada, Hungary, Poland and Indonesia) will provide the personnel to observe and report on truce violations. A four-party military commission (the U.S., South Viet Nam, North Viet Nam and the P.R.G.) will also help supervise the cease-fire. The National Council of Reconciliation (composed of the Saigon government, the P.R.G. and neutralist representatives) will arrange for new elections to be held in South Viet Nam within six months.

Other provisions that were questioned anew following the October agreement, TIME has learned, apparently were resolved as follows:

THE DMZ. The zone apparently will be considered a temporary line of demarcation, and a border only between military forces (as provided in the Geneva Agreement of 1954). There will be some limitations of movement of troops and military supplies through this area. Thieu lost his argument that the DMZ be considered a political boundary. As in the October agreement, the political future of Viet Nam is left to future negotiations among the Vietnamese; the pact separates the military from the political issues.

Vietnamese and 28,000 Viet Cong military prisoners, while Hanoi must similarly release any South Vietnamese troops it has captured.

THE I.C.C. The U.S. apparently has won its argument that the Control Commission must be large enough to act as a truly effective body in supervising the truce. While Hanoi had claimed that a force of about 250 men would be sufficient, the U.S. demanded some 5,000. A compromise puts the figure at roughly 3,000, or 750 from each of the four member nations.

THE COUNCIL. The Communists sought to make the projected National Council of Reconciliation in effect a coalition government to rule the South until new elections are held. Thieu and the U.S. opposed that, insisting that it be only a body to create and supervise elections. The treaty leaves the precise role of the Council vague.

As the details to flesh out those principles are worked out in Paris this week, there is plenty of opportunity for more trouble, including those protocol "clarifications" sought by Thieu. He wants the initial four-party truce teams, for example, to be stationed near Viet Cong strongholds, while Hanoi seeks far fewer observation sites. Thieu also wants



KISSINGER AT WHITE HOUSE

strengthened, at a further loss of American and Vietnamese lives and of the U.S.'s international reputation. Even last week, after Nixon had called off the bombing of the North, the U.S. on one day alone launched 30 B-52 assaults and 335 tactical air strikes against Communist forces in South Viet Nam—one of the most intensive poundings of the war.

Such attacks will soon stop, as the U.S. withdraws and the remaining combatants profess a willingness to forgo military force as a means to their still incompatible ends. There surely will be more killing before the cease-fire as Communist troops plan a last-minute drive to seize more territory and Saigon commanders launch spoiler operations to prevent it. Even after the cease-fire, two armed camps will remain locked in a struggle for political supremacy. "For you Americans it is the end," said a South Vietnamese neutralist in Paris last week, "but for us it is just another bitter beginning."

Scenes: Something for Everybody

A LOT of people look upon second inaugurations much as they do upon second weddings: they are really not worth the trouble. In spite of such sentiment, or perhaps because of it, the 1973 Inaugural Committee staged a three-day, \$4,000,000 extravaganza to mark what the President's admirer, Bob Hope, referred to as "the time when Richard I becomes Richard II."

It was a somber noon at the great plaza of the Capitol—the sky heavy with dull gray clouds, the flags at half-mast in honor of the late President Truman—when Richard Nixon appeared in front of the building to repeat his oath, using the same two family Bibles as last time and in fact wearing the same clothes and the same expression. Then came the dull thud of cannon firing 21 salutes, the strains of the Marine Band playing *Hail to the Chief* and, far away

and faintly, the sea sounds of chanted protest.

The second Nixon Inaugural was the most ambitious in Washington's history of events, official and social. Inaugural planners worried a bit about an embarrassing letdown, so they worked on a hard sell in the hawking of commemorative medallions, parade tickets, concert seats and ball boxes. The effort paid off; the undertaking is expected to wind up comfortably in the black, leaving a tidy surplus to be turned over to charities selected by the Nixons.

On hand to mix it up with other lucky recipients of genuine invitations (some 200,000 souvenir invitations "suitable for framing" but otherwise useless had been mailed out) were 200 relatives of the Nixons, many of whom had never before met their famous kin. To handle their needs, a special task

force was set up at the Watergate, with Navy enlisted men manning the telephones and Army officers planning the logistics. Six red-white-and-blue buses marked **FIRST FAMILY** transported the assembled relations around town.

The President had set as the theme of the Inauguration festivities "The Spirit of '76," pointing to the bicentennial that will wind up his second term. The theme, however, proved to be a bit vague to be translated into specifics. The best the organizers could do was to provide dresses of the Revolutionary period for the hostesses at candlelight dinners at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Then somebody came up with the idea of a marching band with a symbolic number of players—1,976. So every high school in suburban Virginia's Fairfax County produced young musicians to form a band that stretched for two blocks.

Bargain. The President himself pursued a course of wisdom by staying out of sight until Friday night. Then he joined Pat and the rest of the family for a round of concert hopping, ending at the Kennedy Center, where the Philadelphia Orchestra played the *1812 Overture*, sans cannon.

Following tradition, the big show opened Thursday afternoon at the Smithsonian Museum with a reception honoring Vice President and Mrs. Spiro T. Agnew. Invited guests (at \$10 a head, this was one of the best bargains of the Inauguration) were met at the door by security guards, who peeked into the handbags and briefcases of the Republican faithful. The guests then squeezed themselves into a line on the off chance that they might get to shake a vice-presidential hand.

Later Thursday evening, while the President was still en route from Key Biscayne back to Washington, the first glamour event of the week, a "Salute to the States," opened at the Kennedy Center. It was aimed at the nation's Governors—40 of whom showed up. To accommodate the almost 5,000 other guests—including Pat Nixon, daughter Julie, and Mamie Eisenhower—a 2½-hr. show ran simultaneously in two separate halls. Eminent emcees Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope scrambled on and off stages in an admirable attempt to provide equal time to all. Breaking out of his retirement once more, Sinatra

TRICIA DANCING PAST PARENTS



NIXON AND GUEST AT INAUGURAL BALL



IN THE PRESIDENTIAL BOX IN KENNEDY CENTER WITH MAMIE EISENHOWER



Clockwise from top left: Julie Nixon Eisenhower and Pat Nixon acknowledging cheers before *Salute to the States* concert at Kennedy Center; President Nixon at work on his Inaugural Address; guests crowd around punchbowl at Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology reception in honor of Vice President Agnew. Center: the *1812 Overture* Inaugural medal.

OPPOSITE PAGE: TOP LEFT: PETER BOSKARI—CAMERA 5; BOTTOM: PETER BOSKARI—CAMERA 5.





THE NATION

came up singing *Fly Me to the Moon*, while Hope kept up patter about the security precautions. Sample: "I've never been frisked so many times. Not that I mind—it's cheaper than a massage parlor." Such was the spectacle of security men literally tripping over one another that the audience roared when Hope joked: "I passed a tree and it cleared its throat."

The one thing that induces people to mortgage their houses in order to attend an Inaugural is the possibility of arriving home with word that they met the President. Barring that, someone famous and powerful, with a household name, will do. For many of the Inaugural guests, however, the difficulties were considerable. Oversubscribed events resulted in mob scenes around carefully protected superstars like Henry Kissinger, with Date Nancy Maginnes. Autographing for an eager crowd at the J.F.K. Center Thursday night, Kissinger seemed caught up in the melee but looked around and asked owlishly, "Where is everybody?"

Protests. There are always a few people who never miss inaugurations and coronations. Among the more solvent of this time around were the Henry Fords and W. Clement Stone. The Fords threw a private bash at the F Street Club, where Martha Mitchell and Husband John, lately of New York, got a chance to see their old Washington friends. Outside the club, in a scene reminiscent of a college football movie, George Washington University students cheered the guests on in the friendliest of ways. They were duly rewarded with a five-minute impromptu performance by Bob Hope, on his way into the party. In semi-union, the students called to Mr. Ford: "Don't come out—throw dollars out the window." Stone, who has boasted of being the fattest cat among Nixon contributors, hosted a banquet for Congressional Medal of Honor winners on Saturday evening.

Generally ignored in the inexorable grind of official partying were the scattered and quiet protests against the war and presumably against the President. Friday night, while the strains of three concerts filled the air at the Kennedy

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

Outracing the Past

OFTEN when things seem very bad, and occasionally even when they seem very good, Richard Nixon just cuts himself adrift from the past. He lives in a future conjured in those lonely sessions with his silver Parker pen and yellow legal pads. He was out there again last week when he spoke on the Inaugural stand in his club coat and striped trousers. He had surveyed the landscape beyond the day and marked the way stations: the start of his generation of peace, a prospering nation, a less extravagant government and a new spirit of individuality and competition.

This long view, as the Nixon followers would describe it, is one reason why he was there taking the oath of the highest office for the second time. He churns toward his goals, and just when it appears that he has run over and offended too many people for him to go much further (Watergate, inflation, bombing), he pulls himself up at one of his chosen spots and produces a Peking summit, or a billion-dollar grain deal with Russia, or maybe a cease-fire in Viet Nam. Past bitterness and doubt are largely forgotten as the world rolls on.

Nixon may be the first President to instinctively use Alvin Toffler's "roaring current of change." Events tumble over themselves in the reckless race of this society toward "future shock." Yesterday and its outrages are often obliterated by today and its triumphs.

Nixon has been ruminating to his visitors more than ever about the need to disregard the fluctuations of affection from the media, Congress and even the voters. He has talked about his own days of harassment as a young Congressman when he traveled from emotional peak to valley with the morning headlines, of the deep depression brought on by Herblock's biting cartoons during his vice-presidential terms. "Don't let that happen to you," he told his people.

Nixon lately has chided Henry Kissinger to forget the sentiments of the columnists and get on with a cease-fire. Not so long ago a White House staff member, who could not understand Nixon's indifference to the good and bad commentary filling the air, asked for an explanation from H.R. ("Bob") Haldeman, the man who understands the President best. In Haldeman's words came some classic Nixonian: "We do not propose to take pleasure when those people are nice to us, because we do not expect to take pain when they are nasty." Nixon, muses his former counselor Pat Moynihan, has made himself "immune to hate."

In the moments of extreme jubilation, Nixon will tell his celebrants not to overdo it because there will be bumps ahead. Coming home from one of his successful overseas meetings, he heard his staff exulting over the raves. "A President overseas always is a success at first. We'll know better in six months." When people get too despondent around him, Nixon turns it the other way, seeing a high plateau ahead. "None of this will matter," he told one man during the Christmas bombing outcry, "if we succeed and bring peace."

In a White House bull session somebody asked what Nixon would have done with George McGovern's problem of Tom Eagleton. "Aha," proclaimed a Nixon aide, "McGovern went for instant gratification, declaring his '1,000%' support for Eagleton. Nixon would have said, 'I'll think about it and then I'll let you know.' And he would have gone off to consider the long-range implications."

Nixon's fanatical sense of solitude stems in part from his determination to be ahead of everyone. He sloughs off details. "I'm a total captive of my three in baskets," says an about-to-be Cabinet officer. "The President has one, and he doesn't pay any attention to it." In his struggles with the economy, Nixon kept telling his advisers not to fiddle a policy to death with small changes every week. If he had to change, he said, he would go beyond everybody to make sure of success. That is how price and wage controls went on and how they came off.

There are those who still think that the orphaned moments of Nixon's past will catch up with him. They see the meaningful men of history rising from identifiable sources and building their purposes and characters on fixed principles that, even when bent along the way, tend to endure. The view of some of the landscape behind Nixon is bewildering, cluttered with unexplained contradictions and uprooted theology. But so far, good or bad, Nixon has overcome all the doubts.

Lyndon Johnson is a man who, in his own way, relishes the past and often dwells there. The Nixon partisans argue that it helped trap him. It is a curious footnote to history that long before he ran into trouble, Johnson had turned central Texas into a living monument to his heritage and his journey to the summit (the L.B.J. birthplace, the L.B.J. boyhood home, the L.B.J. state park, the L.B.J. ranch and more).

About the only surviving landmark from Nixon's past is the tiny clapboard house where he was born in Yorba Linda, Calif., still the worn residence of a school maintenance man. For now, that house is about as distant as it can be. Watching Nixon with a new four-year charter in his hand and his voice ringing out over the Capitol Plaza, one had to wonder if the President would not always outrace the past.



NIXON'S BIRTHPLACE

Clockwise from top left: John Connally and wife arriving at Kennedy Center for Salute to the States concert; Governor George Wallace receiving greetings at concert; President's youngest brother Edward on arrival at Friendship Airport; Senator Hubert Humphrey bussing TV Hostess Barbara Walters at Kennedy Center; Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger with his parents signing autograph at concert. Center: Busts of Nixon and Agnew on Inaugural medal.



LEONARD BERNSTEIN CONDUCTS A "CONCERT OF PEACE" AS EUGENE MCCARTHY AND THE EDWARD KENNEDYS LISTEN

MICHAEL ABRAMSON

Center, Leonard Bernstein conducted a counter-Inaugural concert at Washington Cathedral. Three thousand people applauded the performance of Haydn's *Mass in Time of War* by the pickup orchestra inside the cathedral, while another 12,000 listened outside. Dean Francis Sayre Jr. and former Senator Eugene McCarthy spoke briefly to an audience that included Senator and Mrs. Edward Kennedy and Mrs. Sargent Shriver. On Saturday an unexpectedly large turnout of antiwar demonstrators, estimated at 75,000 by D.C. police, gathered quietly at the Lincoln Memorial to form their "March Against Death and for Peace." Arriving at the Washington Monument, the crowd heard Representative Bella Abzug scold Nixon's Inaugural executive director, Jeb Magruder: "He wanted us to call off our demonstration because he feared the counter-Inaugural would affect the sale of his plaques." She praised 150 of her fellow legislators for boycotting the ceremonies. Bearing out-of-date signs reading STOP THE BOMBING, the demonstration seemed passive, as though it commemorated the many marches that had gone before.

The purpose of the five balls on Inaugural night, as stated in the official

press information kit, was "to celebrate the Inauguration of President Nixon in a festive, traditional manner." To that end, 25 musical groups performed at five sites—the Serendipity Singers at the Museum of National History, Lionel Hampton at the Kennedy Center and Guy Lombardo at the Pension Building. As promised, the President and Mrs. Nixon stopped in at each of these, as well as the special Youth Ball for the 18-to-30 set at the Sheraton Park Hotel.

Later they moved to another ball at the Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology, where Mr. Nixon's spirits seemed higher than usual. He gaily entertained the crowd with talk of his love of music. Waving his hands in imitation of a practiced conductor, he noted that he played Bach and Rachmaninoff late at night in the White House when trying to make "unimportant decisions." Relaxed and jovial, he asked the band to play something slow, and invited the assembled to "cut in on us." As he and Mrs. Nixon made their way toward a staircase, the President flashed a big smile and asked: "Could somebody tell me where the dance floor is, please?"

Pat Nixon, who had been almost as

sensible as her husband in appearing at many of the special events in clothes that she already had, glittered in a long-sleeved turquoise ballgown designed by Adele Simpson. Recovering from the flu, Tricia Nixon Cox, escorted by Husband Ed, wore a rose-red satin gown. Julie Nixon Eisenhower, whose husband sat out the week's events on duty in the Mediterranean, wore a long white satin dress and woollen fox-trimmed cape to match as she made her round of the evening galas.

The last echoes of the installation rite were heard Sunday at one event that was, however elitely attended, at least free. An ecumenical worship service at the White House, starring Billy Graham and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, ended the Inaugural pomp on a note that Mr. Nixon seems to find most comfortable.

Despite the variety offered at this year's Inauguration, a number of prominent Republicans followed their instincts and stayed home. Wiley T. Buchanan, protocol chief under Eisenhower and a man who knows how to make the best of formal occasions, announced that he was going to "sit this one out." Like most Americans, he watched the show on television.

CLEMENT STONE

HUD NOMINEE JAMES LYNN & WIFE

HENRY FORD & BOB HOPE

MAMIE & BILLY GRAHAM



TRIALS

The Spy in the Cold

"Well, I'm sorry but I don't believe you," said Federal Judge John J. Sirica. He was addressing four of the Watergate defendants, and what he did not believe was their claim that they could not remember who had supplied them with money. Even sums as high as \$114,000, they said, simply turned up in brown manila envelopes from none knew where. Despite the judge's sharp questioning, the four insisted last week on pleading ignorance—and guilt. That reduced the number of defendants from seven to two and also reduced the likelihood that the trial would ever disclose who sanctioned the conspiracy to bug Democratic Party headquarters last June.

The four—three of whom are Cubans from Miami—were talked into pleading guilty. TIME has learned, by the same man who recruited them into the conspiracy in the first place: E. Howard Hunt, the former CIA official who had pleaded guilty himself a week earlier. Hunt promised his four confederates that unidentified "friends" would offer each defendant up to \$1,000 for every month he spent in prison, with more money to be paid at the time of his release (TIME, Jan. 22).

The guilty plea by the four defendants staved off a prospective courtroom uproar—testimony that Hunt had told them the Watergate bugging had been approved by the White House, specifically by two presidential advisers—former Attorney General John Mitchell, then head of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, and Charles W. Colson, who at the time was on the White House staff as special counsel to the President.

Castro. Hunt's influence over the four dates back to 1961, when Hunt was a leading CIA official engaged in planning the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba. At that time, the four men were convinced that Hunt spoke secretly for the U.S. Government; apparently they still are. In 1972, when Hunt recruited them into the Watergate conspiracy, he grandly told them: "It's got to be done. My friend Colson wants it. Mitchell wants it." Colson is in fact an old friend of Hunt's; it was he who got Hunt onto the White House staff in 1971 as a \$100-a-day consultant. Hunt also told the four that their old enemy Fidel Castro was sending money indirectly to the Democratic Party in the hope that a McGovern victory would soften the U.S. attitude toward Cuba.

After the Watergate arrests, Hunt became more cautious, referring to Administration officials merely as "my people." He insisted that his people were prepared to put up plenty of money for the defense of the arrested men. Of the \$35,000 Hunt is known to have received from his people, however, only

about \$8,000—or \$2,000 apiece—has reached the four defendants. Yet the four men do not appear to be displeased with the arrangement. To have worked with Hunt, one of them told the court, had been "the greatest honor."

"Under the spreading chestnut tree, I sold you and you sold me." In an interview with TIME Correspondent David Beckwith, E. Howard Hunt quoted those mocking lines from George Orwell's 1984, and then he added defensively: "There was none of that in any operation I ever ran. Nobody above or below me was ever sold out. I protect the people I deal with."

Hunt, a remarkable storyteller (who has written some 46 novels as well as an account of the Bay of Pigs fiasco called *Give Us This Day*), decided to talk because "I've been taking a real beating in the press. I've been portrayed

STEVE NORTUP



E. HOWARD HUNT
"My people."

as an irresponsible adventurer, a desperado. And bring a photographer. The pictures of me at the trial have made me look like a buffoon." For legal reasons, he refused to say much about the Watergate trial, but he reminisced freely about other adventures.

"Let me tell you a story," Hunt declared. "The last wartime operation I was involved in was an air resupply operation in central China. We had a five-man guerrilla team that hadn't been resupplied for months, so we went parachuting supplies out of a C-47 to them in a rice paddy. I went along as a cargo kicker, holding onto the chute wire and pushing the stuff out in a hurry from about 600 feet. Two of us were hit in the face by flak on the way back, and one later got caught by the Japs and skinned alive, but the point is this: A team out on an unorthodox mission expects resupply, it expects concern and attention. The team should never get

the feeling they're abandoned. End of story."

Hunt makes no effort to hide his own sense of abandonment. "Nobody has invited me anywhere for six months," he says. "My family has been harassed, my kids are teased and taunted at school. Most of my old CIA friends, people I worked with for years and thought I was close to, have cut me off. I had lunch last week with my daughter at a club in Georgetown and saw a CIA officer who worked for me in Japan. He looked right through me."

Secure. Speaking of the death of his wife in a Chicago plane crash last month, Hunt insists that the mysterious \$10,000 she was carrying in \$100 bills was to have been invested "in a new business enterprise out there, a concern that might have provided me with a job after I got out of jail." Turning a bit maudlin, he remarks: "I've often wished that it had been me on the plane instead of my wife. The Watergate would have been over for me. My family would have been financially secure. And the four children would have a mother instead of a father wasting away in jail." At another point, as he spoke of trying to explain his situation to his nine-year-old son, he wept. Still later he referred to himself as "a fish at the end of a line; I'm struggling hard, but it looks like a pretty strong line."

Hunt joined the CIA in 1950 after having served in the Navy and the OSS during World War II, worked as a LIFE correspondent in the South Pacific, won a Guggenheim fellowship in creative writing and sold a movie script (*Bimini Run*) to Warner Bros. for \$35,000. He is proud of his 20 years in the CIA, though he feels "the agency" has treated him badly of late. "When they identified me as a former CIA officer right after the Watergate arrests," he says, "they abrogated our agreement of confidentiality."

As a member of the agency's "Department of Dirty Tricks," he worked on the operation that overthrew the Communist-supported Guatemala regime of Jacobo Arbenz in 1954. After the coup, he recalls, "Arbenz and his people were stripped naked at the airport and searched before they were allowed to leave. One of his aides was Che Guevara. If we'd let our Guatemalans start to shoot them, as they wanted, there's no telling when the shooting would have stopped. It was a close decision, and I have often wondered how effective Castro would have been without the intelligence of that asthmatic little medical student from Argentina."

On his years in espionage, Hunt reflects: "You see, our Government trains people like myself to do these things and do them successfully. It becomes a way of life for a person like me." Often he traveled under assumed names, says Hunt, "to preserve plausible denial," the phrase rolling from his lips so smoothly that it sounds like an agency cliché. Again and again he returns to

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THE NATION

the theme of an officer's loyalty to his subordinates: "If your people are caught in an operation, you do everything you can for them. Money is the cheapest commodity you've got in an operation like this."

Hunt retired from the agency in 1970. "The Bay of Pigs," he says bitterly, "really ended my chance for substantial advancement within the CIA, because I was associated with it and the thing went sour." In 1971 he was asked to join the White House to plug security leaks. "It wasn't a petty operation. There were major leaks involving the SALT talks, operations in India. One leak resulted in the extermination of one of our agents in Asia. The Administration couldn't stand for that, and I worked closely with the CIA trying to stop it."

Why did he get mixed up in the Watergate case? Hunt admits that he had a political motive, which he dresses up rather elaborately. "There is a built-in bias by the intellectual community, including the news media, against people who want to preserve the best of our country's heritage. As for me, I don't want to exchange the good of this country for the uncertainties of change." Hunt also has a more practical explanation for his involvement: "I was not aware that my activity constituted a federal offense. I never personally went into Democratic offices, and I thought the most they could get me on was second-degree burglary."

Hunt insists that he never thought much of the Watergate scheme in the first place. "I cased the situation thoroughly, and I'm good at it. I appraised the risk [in bugging Democratic headquarters] as very high and the potential return as very low. I recommended against it, but it wasn't my decision. I can tell you this: if it had been a CIA operation and I'd been in charge, it never would have happened."

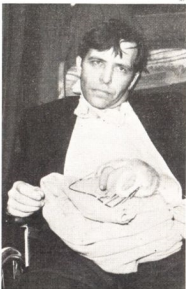
Return of Dr. Jekyll

The hijacker boarded the Los Angeles-to-New York airliner with an automatic pistol concealed inside a fake plaster arm cast. Once he had seized control in the cockpit, he started making a wild series of demands over the radiotelephone. He wanted to talk to President Nixon; he wanted the release of Angela Davis; he wanted a ransom payment of exactly \$306,800. Eight hours after the hijacker struck, two FBI agents disguised as crew members boarded the plane at John F. Kennedy Airport, shot the hijacker in the hand and captured him.

There was no doubt about his identity. He was Garrett Brock Trapnell, 34, a dark-haired man with piercing eyes and a long record of bank robberies. Trapnell himself did not deny the hijacking, but he claimed it had been done by his wicked alter ego, Gregg Ross. He was a Jekyll-Hyde personality, he said. Appearing in Brooklyn's U.S. District Court last month, he pleaded not guilty.

If Trapnell was indeed insane, he had a background that provided quite a few explanations. His father was an Annapolis graduate who rose to be a commander in the Navy but whose private life was less than stable. He had five wives, one of whom was a heavy-drinking Boston Brahmin. Trapnell's mother. They divorced when Trapnell was four, and he moved from home to home, including a stay in Panama, where he says his father, the commander, moonlighted by running a brothel.

Trapnell's criminal record began when he was 15—an arrest for petty theft. Then came a hitch in the Army (terminated by an early discharge); a reported stint of gunrunning to Fidel Castro; and finally a series of armed robberies in New Mexico, Iowa and



HIJACKER GARRETT BROCK TRAPNELL
"I read more damned books."

Maryland. After he was caught, he later recalled in an unpublished 1971 interview with Freelance Writer Cy Berlowitz. "A lawyer came to me and said, 'Trap, you are going to prison for 20 years, or you can go to the state hospital.' So I went to the state hospital and I dug the whole action. I read more damned books on psychiatry and psychology than probably any psychology student will in any school in the world."

Trapnell spent a year in a mental hospital and then began a bizarre series of crime and nonpunishment. Throughout the '60s, he staged robberies whenever he needed money—at one point he and a partner flew to Canada and robbed a bank once a month for seven months (total take: \$130,000). Along the way he lived in bank-robber style: a Mercedes-Benz, a private plane, \$40-a-day hotel rooms in Miami, a Las Vegas trip with a go-go dancer. Whenever he was caught, he would bring out his insanity defense, get committed to a hospital, then escape. "Psychiatry as

a science," he observed, "is the only science in the world that deals with extreme intangibles. I probably know more about psychiatry than your average resident psychiatrist."

At his latest trial the interview with Berlowitz was placed in evidence to show that Trapnell was faking. Assistant U.S. Attorney Peter Schlam also brought in two psychiatrists to testify that, in their opinion, Trapnell was perfectly sane (he has an IQ of 130). The prosecution had not discovered, however, that one juror, Gertrude Hass, had worked for 30 years as a psychiatric social worker. To Miss Hass's professional eye, apparently, Trapnell's account of how he had faked insanity was itself further evidence of his actual insanity.

Last week, after a five-week trial, the jury deliberated the case and found to its dismay that it was divided 11 to 1. The eleven argued with Miss Hass, but she remained adamant; when the arguing grew louder, she sent a message to Federal District Judge George Rosling saying that she was being pressured. At that point, Judge Rosling had to discharge the jury—not without some pressure of his own. "She may expect some visits from Government agencies," he said, "to find out if this was the performance of her jury function or some other function."

The threat was instantly challenged by the American Civil Liberties Union, and Rosling duly retraced his accusations, setting a new trial for March 5. Trapnell is quite prepared. "I have committed all these crimes and have never gotten a number for any of them," he had said to his interviewer. "If Gregg Ross commits a crime, then Gary Trapnell is not responsible. It's the fallacy of your legal system."

Guilty Times 25

Juan Corona's hands convulsively grabbed the defense table as he heard the jury's verdict on the first count: "Guilty." Then, for nearly half an hour, the ritual went on. The judge read out the name of a murdered farm worker, then intoned the jury's verdict: "Guilty of murder in the first degree." Each time—25 times, the number of victims in the worst series of murders in U.S. history—the jury responded in unison: "Yes." At the sixth or seventh count, Corona's wife Gloria broke into sobs. When it was over, his ten-year-old daughter collapsed and was rushed to a hospital. Corona himself, who had recently suffered his third heart attack in 19 months of confinement, remained calm and quietly asked his attorney, Richard Hawk, to thank the jury for "their attention to the case." But that, said Hawk, "was something I could not bring myself to do."

Police had first suspected Corona, a Mexican-born farm-labor contractor, when his name appeared on market receipts that were discovered in two of the crude graves that yielded out hacked

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and bludgeoned bodies near Yuba City, Calif. Two butcher knives, a machete, a pistol, a Levi's jacket and a pair of shorts were all found with bloodstains in various places used by Corona. A key piece of evidence, said the prosecution, was a ledger in his garage with the names of seven of the victims in it. But none of the blood was ever linked to any of the victims, no clear motive was ever established, and the defense argued that since Corona was a labor contractor, he had legitimate reasons to keep the victims' names in his books.

Moreover, the prosecution's preparation included so many mistakes—failure to check for fingerprints, mislabeled evidence—that Judge Richard Patton once exclaimed that it "almost approaches dereliction of duty" (TIME, Nov. 13). One prosecutor even admitted that he had "reasonable doubt," then took it back. Defense Attorney Hawk, who believes Corona is a victim of ethnic prejudice, took a gamble by not presenting any witnesses at all. That appears to have been a fatal error. "It bothered everybody," said one of the jurors. "You can't judge too well unless both sides are presented to you."

At first, though, the jurors voted for acquittal, by 7 to 5, then began to swing the other way. Foreman Ernest Phillips said he himself had "voted different ways." In 15 ballots over six days, the jurors leaned more and more toward conviction (while watching, oddly enough, TV reports on their own deadlock). When they declared themselves stalled at 11 to 1, the judge asked them to try again, and finally the lone holdout gave in. "I finally decided to vote that I was wrong and they were right," said Mrs. Naomi Underwood, 63. But even after voting for a murder conviction, she added: "I am not quite convinced yet. I don't think they had enough evidence."

Judge Patton thanked the jury for "contributing to the administration of justice" in California. Defense Attorney Hawk immediately moved for a new trial.

CRIME

Siege at the Gun Shop

Beneath the soot-black elevated tracks in Brooklyn's decaying Williamsburg section, four young black men entered the John and Al sporting-goods store at 5:30 p.m. one day last week. Once inside, they pulled guns from their coats and ordered everyone to line up with their hands in the air. Thus began one of the strangest sieges in years.

The men obviously wanted money, but they were also after the store's merchandise—arms and ammunition. As they held their guns on the dozen or so customers, a high school student named Daniel Martinez wandered in unnoticed and saw one robber stuffing dozens of guns into a duffel bag. As they worked, the men addressed one another by numbers—1, 2, 3, 4. Martinez quickly sidled out the door.

Shortly after the robbers entered the store, a silent alarm, set off accidentally, alerted the police. Within minutes they arrived at the store, just in time to catch the gunmen leaving by a side door. They were using one of the store's owners, Samuel Rosenblum, as a shield. After a rapid exchange of fire, in which one policeman was wounded in the hand and arm, the four men retreated into the gun shop. There they took the twelve people in the store as hostages.

Doctor. By this time the street outside, Broadway, was turning into a battlefield. Police extinguished the street lamps, halted traffic and elevated trains running overhead. The four gunmen, reinforced by an arsenal of rifles, shotguns and pistols, fired freely at the moving shapes in the darkness. One patrolman, Stephen Gilroy, 29, leaned cautiously forward from behind a steel girder; an instant later he was shot in the head and fell dead.

In the early evening, the gunmen released one hostage, a girl named Judy Maladet, to plead for a doctor. Running terrified across the street and into

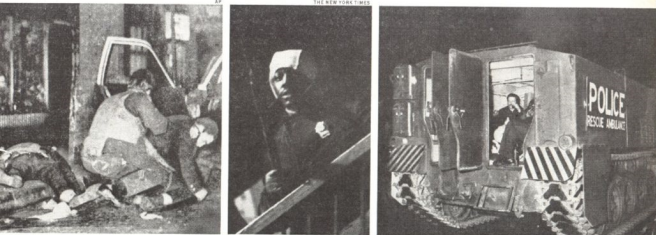
the arms of a policeman, she reported that one robber was badly wounded and "lying on the floor spitting up blood." Five hours later, the gunmen released a second hostage with the same request, but police refused to send in a doctor unless they surrendered.

Word had got out that the four gunmen were members of the Black Muslim sect. An old World War II personnel carrier delivered to the scene a Black Muslim minister who had agreed to plead with the men. He refused to disclose his name lest his standing among his followers be damaged by cooperation with the police. Speaking first in English and then in Arabic, he appealed to the gunmen to come out. If they would blink the store lights three times, he said, he would enter the store alone.

After a long silence, the lights blinked, and the minister strode bravely in, his arms outstretched. He stayed for 20 minutes and said later that the gunmen had told him: "This is the end; this is glory. We'll go out in a hail of bullets." Then, from the safety of the personnel carrier, the minister called aloud to ask the gunmen whether they wanted him to return to lead them out to surrender. This time they responded with three shots in rapid succession. The minister gave up and faded into the night, his robes floating around him.

More than 24 hours after the shooting started, the gunmen decided to release a third hostage in return for some medical attention. The black neurosurgeon who agreed to go inside, Dr. Thomas Matthew, reported later that he had treated one man, "No. 4," for a stomach wound. The others, he said, appeared to be in no hurry to surrender—particularly since the police had reloaded and delivered boxes of food to the door. "I think they plan to take up residence in there," the doctor said.

"It's a waiting game," said New York Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy. "We have nothing to gain by forcing our way in there." And so, as the week ended, the siege went on.



NEW YORK POLICE: TAKING REFUGE NEAR SLAIN COMRADE; KEEPING VIGIL; PHONING FROM ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER
"This is the end, this is glory. We'll go out in a hail of bullets."

Oh, Say Can You Still See?

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.
—Samuel Johnson

MAYBE. But it is not the first. No dictionary in any language treats the word as a pejorative. It is generally accepted to be "love for or devotion to one's country." Theoretically, then, that devotion ought to be a virtue, a tribute to a citizen's character. To believe in one's country is, after all, to believe in something larger than one's self, to uphold a faith in a considerable portion of humanity. By most global standards, the notion of patriotism still defines the honored achievements of courage, industry and humility.

But in America patriotism has come to mean more—and less. Virtually no other nation demands the daily reaffirmation of a pledge of allegiance. Hardly any other country plaster its cars, cocktail glasses and clothing with aggressive representations of the flag. But then, hardly any other citizens burn their nation's flag, or mock their own national anthem. To a growing number of Americans, apparently, the external symbols of patriotism have come to imply something else: a strident super-Americanism—or a collapsing standard of national and international morality. It is not difficult to perceive the causes for protest.

To many blacks, for example, the 50 stars have come to signify so many stations of racism. To the poor, to disaffected minorities, to antiwar demonstrators, the pledge is the reverse of truth (one nation divisible, with liberty and justice for some). To them, the flag sometimes seems a distress signal, a pennant of aggression and ill-used power. The more militant have responded to it with the conditioned reflex of rage, flying the Stars and Stripes upside down from the Statue of Liberty or setting it aflame. In reaction to this lack of respect, the "100% Americans" and just plain Middle Americans have endowed Old Glory with an almost regal air. With more truth than he knew, Billy Graham once declared: "The flag is our queen."

The Pledge of Allegiance has been less controversial. Indeed, so many children—and parents—pronounced it meaningless that last November a U.S. court of appeals ruled against those who would make it compulsory in schools. In a widely discussed opinion, Judge Irving R. Kaufman wrote: "Patriotism that is forced is a false patriotism, just as loyalty that is coerced is the very antithesis of loyalty."

As for the national anthem, that song has been under fire since the War of 1812. At the Mexico City Olympics, black athletes greeted it with a Black Power salute. In Munich, the mode was elaborate indifference. Last week *The Star-Spangled Banner* was again the center of a brief, ludicrous controversy at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden. There, the director of the U.S. Olympic Invitational Track Meet announced that it would not be played at the event. Thereupon the Garden switchboard lit up like a scoreboard. After receiving "irate calls from all over the country," the meet officials set a new indoor record for backpedaling. They would be "delighted," they claimed, "to continue the custom" of anthem playing. Twenty New York councilmen suddenly put on their best red-white-and-blue

suits and introduced a probably unconstitutional bill making it unlawful to "commence any sporting event...without first playing the national anthem."

There is, of course, an aesthetic case to be made against the national anthem. As Bass-Baritone George London indicates, the song is "impossible to sing if you're sober...the words do not automatically communicate their message." Another opera star, Enrico Caruso, found so little to understand in *The Star-Spangled Banner* that he devised a phonetic version: "O seiken iu see bai dhi dons erli lait/Huat so praudli ui heild at dhi tualaits last glimmin'..." As for those who do comprehend the message, what is there to like? Images of "the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air" no longer evoke 19th century triumphs but this century's despair.

Yet, despite all the passion and polemic, the symbols continue to endure and prevail. Imperfect, wide open to charges of hypocrisy and misrepresentation, they manage to retain enormous emotional significance. The vast majority of Americans cannot and will not reject the flag, the anthem or the pledge. It would be, in effect, rejecting aspects of themselves. Whatever militant blacks may feel, N.A.A.C.P. Executive Director Roy Wilkins' directive speaks with equal commitment: "There is no national anthem for Negroes. There is only one national anthem. The national anthem is for all Americans."

In a debate with a member of an East Harlem street gang, the Young Lords, at his high school graduation, Andrew Rodriguez, a Puerto Rican, said: "Behind that flag is all of us. It really means something to me. I don't think in terms of blacks and Puerto Ricans. I think in terms of human beings."

That is, perhaps, the only way to interpret the emblems of democracy. Despite the radical and rightist cant, the American symbols contain no occult powers. Saluting them or reviling them can do nothing to alter social policy. Placing a decal on a car window does not grant the bearer a moral superiority.

Spitting on the flag is about as effective a challenge to the Establishment as sticking pins in a wax effigy of the Pentagon. The externals of America are, at best, only expressions of a fragile ideal. The land of the free and the home of the brave is not a boast, but a hope. Liberty and justice for all is not a headline, but a desire.

In any case, in a nation where customs are interred every day, it may yet be valuable to retain a few civil rites. The Pledge of Allegiance, the singing of the national anthem, the saluting of the flag—these are, in essence, the acknowledgment of the most neglected minority of all. As G.K. Chesterton put it, "Tradition means giving votes to the most obscure of all classes—our ancestors. It is the democracy of the dead. Tradition refuses to submit to the small and arrogant oligarchy of those who happen to be walking around."

That is something to bear in mind during the next challenge or defense of the national symbols. For no matter what side he takes, the debater stands with his enemies in a "small and arrogant oligarchy." A piece of prose, a bit of cloth and a song are little enough to give those most obscure Americans—the ones who went before. Besides, the country, like its flag, its anthem and pledge, still remains open to new arrangements and interpretations. Like beauty (or ugliness), patriotism depends upon the beholder.

• Stefan Kanfer



CLASSROOM PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

Which color TV needs fewest repairs? TV servicemen say Zenith.

Here are the questions and answers from
a 175-city survey of independent TV service shops.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS: Zenith.....	30%
Brand A.....	11%
Brand B.....	9%
Brand C.....	5%
Brand D.....	4%
Brand E.....	3%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand G.....	2%
Brand H.....	2%
Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	3%
About Equal.....	21%
Don't Know.....	11%

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say is easiest to repair?"

ANSWERS: Zenith.....	34%
Brand A.....	25%
Brand B.....	11%
Brand D.....	5%
Brand F.....	4%
Brand E.....	4%
Brand C.....	3%
Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	3%
About Equal.....	18%
Don't Know.....	1%

QUESTION: "If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?"

ANSWERS: Zenith.....	35%
Brand A.....	21%
Brand B.....	12%
Brand D.....	7%
Brand E.....	5%
Brand C.....	4%
Brand F.....	4%
Brand G.....	3%
Brand H.....	1%
Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	6%
Don't Know.....	9%

NOTE: Answers total more than 100% because some servicemen named more than one brand.

How the survey was made.

One of the best-known research firms in America conducted this study of independent TV servicemen's attitudes toward brands of color television. Telephone interviews were conducted with TV servicemen themselves in April, 1972, in 175 cities from coast to coast. To eliminate the factor of loyalty to a single brand, the study included only shops which serviced more than one brand of TV.

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JAPAN

Bulldozer on the Skids?

KAKUEI TANAKA was the most startlingly fresh figure to appear in Japanese politics in a quarter-century when he became Japan's eleventh postwar Premier six months ago. Suddenly, though, "the Computerized Bulldozer," as he is popularly known, has begun to slip gears and, some say, lose direction. Tanaka's standing is likely to slide further when the Diet reconvenes this week: a sharp devaluation of his abilities has already occurred in the corridors of Japanese political power.

"Today," reports TIME Correspondent Herman Nickel, "it is the major-

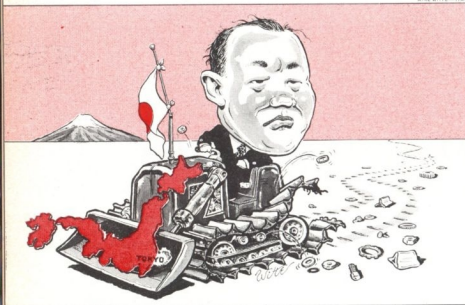
—with an imaginative-sounding but ghostwritten book entitled *A Plan for Remodeling the Japanese Archipelago*, which offered some slick, idyllic proposals for controlling the country's urban sprawl.

Things are now different. Raw, a self-made millionaire and youthful for a Premier, at 54, Tanaka is a political adolescent in Japanese terms. The theory behind his party's choosing him was that only Tanaka knew the working-class mind well enough to deal effectively with the mounting challenge from the left. The Premier did lead the Liberal

bate will begin next week, is disappointing. At \$46 billion, it is 25% higher than last year's—an inflationary increase suggesting that Tokyo's crafty money-men anticipate international pressures for another revaluation of the yen. More damaging, there is only token acknowledgment of the reordered priorities that Tanaka spoke of so feelingly before the election. What of the tax reductions that he promised would be "the largest in history"? They work out to \$50 a year—enough to buy four bottles of beer a week—for the average Japanese salary earner struggling to support a wife and two children on \$7,000 a year. Increased emphasis on social welfare? Partly because land prices have soared since Tanaka began talking about his sweeping environmental plans, the national housing agency will spend 27% more this year but build 10% fewer homes. Inflation curbs? Bus- and rail-system fares will rise 23%—an important increase for a nation of commuters.

Drift. Tanaka is not wholly to blame for his inability to bulldoze new paths for Japan. Power in Japan's Cabinet system is largely in the hands of entrenched and often competing ministries over which the Premier has relatively limited control. Even so, concern about Tanaka's drift is beginning to trickle through the bureaucracies and into the once pro-Tanaka press. Says one Japanese journalist who attended his year-end press conference: "Again and again, whether he was asked about inflation, or land prices or what have you, he would say it was a very difficult problem and that it had to be studied. One didn't get the feeling he knew where he was going."

An impulsive extravert who is most effective when he can pummel audiences with sweeping generalities delivered in his raspy, staccato voice, Tanaka is not at his best when he is in a corner. But there is every indication that his political situation will grow even tighter in the coming months. His next hurdle, once the budget is out of the way, could be yet another economic confrontation with Washington. The U.S.-Japanese trade imbalance that prompted the Nixon economic *shock* of 1971 stood at a record \$4.2 billion at year's end, and U.S. officials warn of further trouble unless "sure signs" of improvement appear in the next two or three months. Tokyo's efforts to ease the imbalance have been complicated by the facts that the revaluation of the yen 13 months ago has been slow to take effect, and that the recovering U.S. economy is simply absorbing more Japanese exports. Before long, some bold steps may be necessary—the kind that Kakuei Tanaka once promised, but now seems less and less able to deliver.



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF KAKUEI TANAKA AFTER A HALF-YEAR AS PREMIER

ity view among political soothsayers in Tokyo that Tanaka will not last through the normal three-year term as leader. Members of his Liberal Democratic Party have begun to speak of Tanaka in the past tense. "Tanaka was good for the quick boost," one former minister told Nickel last week. "None of our Premiers who have started out with a big fanfare have ever lasted long."

For a while, it seemed that the bugs might blow forever. Tanaka wrapped up two major foreign policy missions that had eluded his cautious predecessor, Eisaku Sato: a reasonably successful meeting of the minds with Richard Nixon on U.S.-Japanese economic matters in Hawaii, and a historic summit with Chou En-lai in Peking. Tanaka was all over the headlines, the TV tube and even the bestseller lists

Democrats to a victory of sorts in the Dec. 10 elections; nonetheless, the party lost 17 seats in the Diet (reducing its majority to 76) while the Communists, who won 38 seats, became a parliamentary force to be reckoned with for the first time in Japanese history.

The Communists plan to keep the Premier on the defensive. Presumably, they will try to goad Tanaka into disastrous *faux pas*. Presumably also they will needle him about his yeasty private business and personal interests; he has made questionable land deals and one Tokyo newspaper, the *Mainichi Daily News*, charged that some of those deals involved a former Tokyo geisha named Kazuko Tsuji, who is alleged to have been Tanaka's mistress and the mother of two of his children.

Tanaka's first budget, on which de-



MARCOS ANNOUNCING NEW CONSTITUTION IN MANILA

THE PHILIPPINES

Farewell to Democracy

Bidding a disparaging farewell to democracy, President Ferdinand Marcos last week formally ended the Philippines' 26-year-old American-style government. In a nationwide broadcast, Marcos announced a new constitution that gives him dictatorial powers for as long as he chooses and declared, "It is easier perhaps and more comfortable to look back to the solace of a familiar and mediocre past. But the times are too grave and the stakes too high for us to permit the customary concessions to traditional democratic processes."

That Marcos found democracy troublesome had, of course, been evident for some time. Since imposing martial law throughout the country last September, he had steadily moved to consolidate his one-man rule. Two weeks ago, he suddenly canceled the plebiscite on the new constitution scheduled for Jan. 15. Instead, he initiated a series of government-controlled "citizens' assemblies," where participants were asked to raise their hands if they favored the proposed charter. The overwhelming approval of the assemblies, Marcos declared last week, constituted ratification.

The President's scattered and largely impotent opponents charged that the constitution had been imposed by force and fraud. In fact, Marcos made his announcement at the very moment when the Philippine Supreme Court was considering a petition from a group of lawyers assailing the legality of the impending ratification. The justices seemed stunned by the action. Presumably, they were aware that one of the provisions of the new constitution is that Marcos may appoint and dismiss Supreme Court justices at will.

The fundamental purpose of the new constitution had been to give Manila a parliamentary government; even that seems a moot point now. Marcos may rule by decree as long as he chooses—and that apparently is just what he intends to do. His supporters were claiming last week that the citizens'

assemblies had indicated that the people were content not to have parliamentary elections for six or seven years. That would mean a considerable lease on power for the 55-year-old President, whose second term under the old constitution was due to expire at the end of 1973 (a third consecutive term was forbidden).

Reaction in Washington to the new turn of events has been muffled. The cautious stance stems from two considerations: 1) \$1 billion in private American business investment in the Philippines, and 2) strategic U.S. military bases there. Privately, however, Manila has been warned that Congress may not continue large-scale economic and military aid, which since 1946 has amounted to nearly \$2 billion.

In any case, Marcos has already made it clear that for the moment he does not want to be bothered by any legislative body. While announcing the new constitution, he declared that one of its key provisions—the immediate convening of an interim national assembly—was null and void. For the present, Ferdinand Marcos alone will act as President, Premier and Parliament of the Philippines.

ISRAEL

The Carpenter's Daughter at the Vatican

Attired in a black brocade suit, carrying a crocodile bag and—a rare sign of respect from a woman who prefers to be bareheaded—wearing a Persian-lamb hat flown in for the occasion by El Al, Israeli Premier Golda Meir last week called on Pope Paul VI. Although the Pontiff has met Israeli leaders before, it was his first encounter in the Vatican with the country's chief of government. Unfortunately the historic moment seemed at first to create as much friction as good will. For that matter, so did most of the major events

*On his 1964 visit to the Holy Land, the Pope met both President Zalman Shazar and the late Premier Levi Eshkol.

THE WORLD

of Mrs. Meir's six-day swing through Europe, which began with two days of dialogue and demonstration in Paris and ended with a strange Geneva meeting with Ivory Coast President Félix Houphouët-Boigny.

The Israeli Premier's troubles with the Pope were not of her making—nor, for that matter, of his. The day before she was ushered through the Vatican's Gate of Bells and into the papal library, Deputy Premier Yigal Alon undiplomatically told a Cabinet meeting in Jerusalem that Mrs. Meir was responding to an "official invitation." Mrs. Meir later emphasized that Israel had asked for the audience only after the Vatican had made it clear that the request would be answered favorably. "I didn't barge into the Vatican," she declared angrily.

Thanks in large part to Golda's humor, the meeting proved to be spirited as well as historic. As she later told a reporter for the Israeli newspaper *Maariv*, she felt the same proud feeling on behalf of Israel that she had once experienced when she entered the Kremlin as Israel's first envoy. On her way to the papal library, she commented to an aide: "Imagine me, the daughter of Moshe Mabovitz, the carpenter, going to meet the Pope of the Catholics." Replied the aide: "Wait a minute, Golda, carpentry is a very respectable profession around here."

Of the audience, Mrs. Meir told the *Maariv* reporter: "I didn't like the opening at all. The Pope said to me at the outset that he found it hard to understand how the Jewish people, who should be merciful, behave so fiercely in their own country."

"I can't stand it when we are talked to like that. So I said to the Pope, 'Your Holiness, do you know what my earliest memory is? A pogrom in Kiev. When we were merciful and when we had no homeland and when we were weak, we were led to the gas chambers.'"

She remarked later that, throughout the audience, she thought of the Christian cross as the symbol under which "Jews were killed for generations." She continued: "I sat and thought to my-

POPE PAUL MEETS GOLDA MEIR



THE WORLD

self, here is the head of the church, sitting face to face with the Jewess from Israel, and he's listening to what I'm saying—about the Jewish people, about their home in Israel, about their rights."

Asked if voices were raised in anger during the meeting, Mrs. Meir replied: "God forbid! Everything went off in meticulous quiet, in holiness. But we gazed at each other frankly. His eyes bored deep into me, and I looked back with an open, strong, honest gaze, and I decided I would not lower my eyes under any circumstances. And I didn't."

Mrs. Meir gently rejected the Pope's offer to mediate in the Middle East peace talks. The two also discussed the problems of refugees, both Palestinian and Jewish, as well as their differing views on the status of Jerusalem. Since 1948, the Vatican has maintained that Jerusalem should be an international city, ideally under United Nations administration—because of its spiritual significance to Christians, Moslems and Jews. It seemed doubtful that the Vatican had significantly altered its long-time policy, but Mrs. Meir said later that the Pope had stressed that "he was not speaking" to her "of internationalizing Jerusalem." He gave her a silver dove and a two-volume reproduction of a medieval Bible, and assured her, she said later, that "It is necessary to continue the dialogue between the church and Israel."

Furor. In truth, the Israeli Premier had faced a much blunter reception a few days earlier in Paris, where she joined socialist leaders at an international conference. The French government, which faces national elections in March and is already hard-pressed by French socialists, received the delegates boorishly. French radicals and Arabs, meanwhile, united in demonstrations against Mrs. Meir during one socialist meeting at the Luxembourg Palace. Tough riot police were mustered; with an eye to Gaullist relations in the Middle East, they truncheoned French heads but not Arab ones.

The Geneva visit with one of Israel's best friends in Black Africa had been arranged to sound out Houphouët-Boigny on new Arab inroads on the continent. Israel's rapport with Black Africa is deteriorating under Moslem pressures; since March, five nations have broken relations with Jerusalem. In response, Israel may decide to concentrate its African aid (\$35 million since 1957) on fewer nations rather than try to maintain a broad alliance.

So sensitive are the issues that Houphouët-Boigny was apparently frightened by the furor surrounding Mrs. Meir's appearances elsewhere. He received her on the sly at an out-of-the-way suburban Geneva villa for a conference that lasted nearly four hours. All the while, the Ivory Coast's ambassador to Switzerland insisted that his President was some place else and that a meeting with the Israeli Premier was the last thing on his mind.

AFRICA

Dropping in on Djibouti

On a world map the Territory of the Afars and Issas resembles a wart on the Horn of Africa. In reality, it is not much more attractive. Most of its 9,000 square miles (roughly the size of New Hampshire) is desert, a desolate mixture of searing sand, thorny scrub and boulder-strewn hills. Its estimated population of 200,000 is split between two unharmonious tribes, the nomadic Afars and the more industrious Issas, and about 90% of the inhabitants are illiterate. Djibouti, the territory's capital and only city of any size, has some of Africa's worst slums.

The city's unemployment rate commonly runs at 30% or higher; the largest single source of wages for the natives is domestic work for French and other foreign residents. Even the climate is dreadful: from May to October the temperature averages a wind-burned 92°. Afars and Issas, in short, is not even a nice place to visit. Yet dropping in on Djibouti last week, at the height of the cool (mid-80s) season, was French President Georges Pompidou.

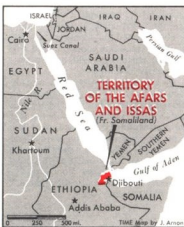
Pompidou happened to be in the neighborhood, on his way to Ethiopia

to repay a visit to France made by Emperor Haile Selassie last year. The territory, known as French Somaliland until 1967, is France's last remaining real estate on the African mainland. It sends one Deputy and one Senator to the French National Assembly. But the colony's voters will hardly play a major role in the French elections in March. In fact, by visiting Djibouti, Pompidou was courting trouble rather than making campaign gains.

The last time a President of France visited Djibouti, in 1966, the city erupted in anti-French riots. Though an Issa-led independence movement has weakened since then, French authorities imposed stringent security measures for Pompidou's call. Some 240 riot-control experts were flown in from France to bolster the regular military force of 5,000, which includes one of the two remaining units of the French Foreign Legion stationed abroad. (The other is in Madagascar.) A French frigate stood guard in Djibouti Harbor.

Pledge. As it turned out, the two-day visit by Pompidou fortunately did not produce any violence. Watching while a mostly native military band welcomed Pompidou at the seedy airport with a creaky rendition of the *Marseillaise*, TIME correspondent Lee Griggs wondered why France bothers to maintain its presence in the territory. The same question, he reported, troubles some French officials. They rationalize that France's departure would almost certainly bring about a war for possession between Ethiopia, which uses an Addis Ababa-Djibouti railway link as an economic lifeline, and Somalia, which was the ancestral home of the Issas. As one official put it: "The problems we inherit by staying are not as bad as the problems we would cause by leaving."

Still, the existing problems are considerable. It costs France \$60 million a year to administer the territory, and it brings practically nothing in return. Djibouti's fine natural harbor on the Gulf of Aden, near the entrance to the Red Sea, has some strategic value. It also



FRIENDLY NATIVES WELCOME PRESIDENT POMPIDOU ON HIS ARRIVAL IN DJIBOUTI




The only problem with gas heat is so many people need it.

That may sound like a nice problem to have—but it's of very real concern. Right now America has an energy shortage, including a shortage of clean natural gas. In some areas, the gas company cannot take on any new customers now.

If you already have gas heat in your home, you know how clean and dependable it is. And you can be sure you'll continue to be supplied.

If you should have to wait awhile for gas heat, we hope you'll understand.

The government and the gas industry are doing everything possible to get more natural gas—to satisfy your needs and meet America's need for clean gas energy.

Gas 
**clean energy
for today and
tomorrow.**

AGA American Gas
Association



How much car should you expect for a couple of thousand bucks?

You should expect a lot of car. You should expect a car that's comfortable. Maneuverable. Nice looking. Economical to operate. Powerful enough to take on the American highway. And tough enough to last without costing you an arm and two legs in repairs.

You should expect a whole car. Not a stripped-down model that could cost you another couple hundred in options before you get it out of the showroom.

In other words, you should expect a dollar's worth of car for every dollar you lay out.

That means that if we, as just one of the car makers of this world, can't give you your money's worth, you'll find somebody else who can.

So we start trying to satisfy people right at the drawing board. We design the inside of our cars be-



You should expect a roomy, comfortable car. So we design the inside of our cars first.

fore the outside. That's because the inside's where the people are. It's not that we don't think looks are important. We do. But we think people are more important. Especially the ones who buy our cars.

For a couple of thousand bucks, you should ex-

If everyone wanted the same thing from a small car, we'd only make one small car. From l to r: Toyota.



Land Cruiser wagon

Corolla

Corolla wagon

Mark II wagon

Corolla

Camry

pect a roomy, comfortable car. Not one that requires sitting in the knee-chest position.

So although we make "small" cars, you'll find them surprisingly roomy. And although we make "low priced" cars, even our least expensive model comes with such comforts as reclining bucket seats, flo-thru ventilation and full carpeting.



You should expect a dollar's worth of car for every dollar you lay out.

Now, we could be like a lot of other car makers. We could call those kinds of things "options." And then advertise a much lower sticker price. And then charge you extra when you buy the car.

We could. But we don't.

We don't because we have some pretty definite ideas about what an option is. And what an option isn't.

An option is something only some people want on their cars. Like air conditioners and automatic transmissions.

An option is not something most people want on their cars. Like whitewalls, wheel covers and "special trim packages." Or safety features we feel everybody should have on their cars. Like tinted windows, front disc brakes and side door steel beams. Or things you have to have. Like "dealer preparation."

In other words, when our suggested retail price

is \$1998 (as it is on a '73 Toyota Corolla 1200), then you know that that price, plus local taxes and freight, includes those kinds of features. Things some others charge extra for.

Another thing you hear a lot about these days is durability testing. About how auto makers torture their cars to help prove they'll stand up in everyday



You should expect a whole car. Not a stripped-down model that could cost you another couple hundred in options.

driving situations. And everybody tests their cars that way. Including us.

But the real test of a car's durability comes only after someone like you has knocked around in it a few years.

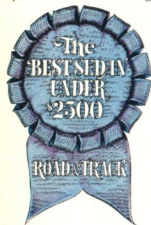
How long a car lasts depends on a lot of things. Not the least of which is how well you take care of it.

And let's face it. If you're like most of us, you don't take very good care of your car.

That's one reason we build Toyotas so they're easy to care for. For instance, under normal driving conditions the time between maintenance check-ups is now one of the longest in the industry. Twice a year. Or every 6000 miles. In other words,

about as often as you're supposed to see your dentist.

Maybe the best way to find out about a car before you buy it is to ask a friend who



"The Toyota Corona is the best sedan sold in the U.S. under \$2500".

— The editors of Road & Track 1972 Annual

bought one. He'll be quick to tell you what

he thinks of it. Or doesn't think of it.

Roughly every four years, the editors of *Road & Track* magazine select what they think are the finest cars in the world by category.

Here's what they said in 1971 when they chose the best sedan sold in the United States in their lowest price category.

"The Toyota Corona is value for money; nice looking, well finished, quiet, smooth overhead-cam engine, good 4-speed gearbox, carpeting, tinted glass, vacuum-assisted front disc brakes.

"Features alone don't make a car though. It's the driving and living-with that do.

"The Toyota Corona succeeds here too..."

Now we can't be sure they'd say the same thing about our '73 Corona. We've changed all our cars since. We, of course, think they're even more car for the money.

Whether you're buying a new car or a half dozen oranges, make sure you're getting your money's worth. And when you spend two thousand dollars or more on a car, you should expect to get your dollar's worth.

After all, inflation or no, a couple of thousand bucks is a lot of money.



Corona

Corona wagon

Mark II

Celica ST

Pickup

See how much car your money can buy.
TOYOTA



Number One.

Latest U.S. Government Reports
show one cigarette is lowest
in both tar and nicotine of
the 20 best-selling brands.

True is the one.

Think about it. Shouldn't your next cigarette be True?

Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

used to produce revenue as a refueling stop for ships plying the Suez Canal. But since the canal was closed, shipping traffic through Djibouti has fallen by 80%, and the profits have vanished. So have thousands of jobs.

Contributing to unemployment is the constant flow of hinterlanders into Djibouti, which now contains about two-thirds of the territory's population. The French built a barbed-wire fence around the city in 1967 to curb the migration. Although the fence is dotted with watchtowers and searchlights and is seeded with flare mines that occasionally kill, more than 1,000 Afars and Issas slip into Djibouti each month.

Pompidou seems to want the Territory of the Afars and Issas to remain a part of France. Addressing local black leaders the President said: "The Republic assures you of its firm determination to stay here and give you its help." But his pledge may not be honored in the unlikely event that the Gaullists lose France's national election. The opposition left-wing coalition is inclined to regard France's overseas territories as leftovers from colonial days. It could cut them loose whether they want independence or not.

AUSTRALIA

Snipping Old Ties

Friendship, tradition, history and language still unite Australia with the British Crown and Commonwealth. The big question for Australians these days is how long the old ties will last under the independence-minded Labor government of Prime Minister Gough Whitlam. Arriving in London last week, Lionel Murphy, the Attorney General of Australia ("You will notice we no longer say the Commonwealth of Australia," announced his press aide), demanded the removal of "all the residual legislative, executive and judicial authority over Australia." These ties, he said, were demeaning "relics of colonialism." Murphy was referring specifically to two archaic legal technicalities: the right of the British Parliament to pass laws affecting Australia (which it has not done for years anyway) and the use of the judicial committee of the Privy Council, the Queen's advisory body, to appeal cases from the Australian High Court or from Australia's various state supreme courts.

There has also been talk in Canberra that Australia might eventually declare itself a republic. Whitlam has let it be known that he considers the Queen something of a constitutional anachronism. "The monarch is usually resident overseas," he noted dryly. Presumably his affections for Queen Elizabeth were not increased by the fact that he received a Christmas card from Buckingham Palace addressed simply to "The Prime Minister of Australia." No name was attached to the card.

EUROPE

Breeze in Parliament

By no popular demand whatsoever, the European Parliament met at Strasbourg last week. Despite its sonorous and imposing name, it may well be the least effective arm of the expanding Common Market. Its 183 members, including 41 new Danish, Irish and British delegates, are not elected but appointed by their national legislatures. Established in 1958, the Strasbourg assembly never has had any say over the EEC's budget, personnel or policies. All of these are controlled by the large bureaucratic machine in Brussels. The European Parliament's one real power is the right to censure or even dismiss the Common Market Commission, also in Brussels. The members have never used that power—in part because they have



BRITISH DELEGATION LEADER PETER KIRK

"We need full-time Parliamentarians."

no authority to appoint a new commission; that privilege is reserved for the Council of Ministers, named by member governments.

In short, the European Parliament is something of a laughingstock among legislatures. It has no permanent home and meets variously in Strasbourg or Luxembourg, while its 13 standing committees usually convene in Brussels. The Parliamentarians, 1,200 members of the secretariat and 30 tons of documents are perpetually shuttling between the three cities. That predicament has turned a Luxembourg trucking company into one of the continent's most prosperous and made good business for hotels. It has also earned some of the peripatetic Parliamentarians the distinction of being the hardest-drinking legislators in the world and made the "Strasbourg girl friend" a new Euro-mantic tradition.

Last week's session, however, was

considerably livelier than the somnolent meetings of the past. For one thing, most members were present; ordinarily at least 50% are absent, partly because they receive no salary. The more compelling reason, however, was that the newly arrived British delegation had declared its ambitious intention of turning the European Parliament into a sort of continental Westminster. "We are going to operate as if this were our own Parliament," declared Peter Kirk, 44, leader of the 21-person British delegation (the anti-Market Labor Party declined to send its allotted 15 delegates). "We will make this a real backbencher's Parliament." He added, somewhat un diplomatically: "Too bad it will be difficult to interrupt all those foreign-language speeches, but I suppose it can't be helped."

In a 22-page memorandum, Kirk proposed, among other things, that the Parliament provide for a question period, so that Common Market Commissioners might be grilled, and set up a committee to seek advice from national parliaments, universities and other sources on how to reform itself. The standing committees, he suggested, should stop scrutinizing legislative fine print and assay instead the long-term policies of the Commission and Council of Ministers. Professing himself "astonished at the latent powers" already available, Kirk proposed that Parliament use its limited authority to question the EEC budget and set up a permanent commission to examine the accounts of all Common Market institutions. As he put it, "Initiatives are not given but seized. By these means this Parliament will live and people will clamor to be represented in it."

Inevitable. Most Parliamentarians greeted the proposals with enthusiasm, though one unimpressed French deputy sneered at the "newcomers' zeal, which will soon rub off once they get used to the routine." Others were upset at the un-British way in which Kirk had leaked some of his proposals before presenting them to Parliament. But as Alain Poher, president of the French Senate, summed up for the majority: "The days of Gaullism are over. We welcome this fresh breeze. We have talked enough about margarine."

No one, of course, expects immediate or drastic reform. But as Kirk told TIME's Robert Kroon last week, "I think we have immense support for our reform projects. I even believe we have the majority of the Commission with us, and we are going to play the Council of Ministers through that Commission. The Council is the real spanner in the works"—a reference to the Council's insistence on keeping all decision-making power in its own hands. Direct elections, Kirk believes, though not imminent, are inevitable. "At some time we should end this dual European-national mandate for Strasbourg M.P.s. We need full-time Parliamentarians here."

Reflections on Agony and Hope

As chief of TIME's London Bureau, Correspondent Curt Prendergast has been reporting on the agony of Northern Ireland for more than four years. Last week he sent the following personal assessment of a brutal war that seems to have no end:

By now the Ulster problem probably bores the world. It certainly exasperates the British. Senator Edward Kennedy notwithstanding, there is no imperial nostalgia left in England for this patch of Ireland—most Britons wish it would simply go away. So, too, do many Southern Irish. As a Dublin voter once said to Irish Politician Conor Cruise O'Brien: "Northern Ireland! I wish someone would saw that place off."

Yet what happens daily in Ulster would bring about a state of emergency almost immediately in Britain or the Republic of Ireland. Every morning, the BBC's Northern Ireland newscast (which is not heard in Britain) begins with an overnight casualty report—a chilling recitation of bombings, shootings, killings. It ends with the day's diary of local events—choral-society meetings, flower shows, agricultural competitions—all testifying that some normal life does go on, even amidst the violence.

Medieval Fury. But for too many in the province, life can never again be normal. Not for the 11-year-old Londonderry boy, just back from a futile trip to Boston in a quest to regain his eyesight, which was destroyed by one of the British army's six-inch-long rubber anti-riot bullets. Not for the 22-year-old Catholic girl maimed on the eve of her wedding when the Irish Republican Army bombed a Belfast restaurant. "Two legs gone, one arm sheared off, an eye lost, all in one young female body," said Dublin's *Irish Times*. "That equals someone's idea of patriotism in Ireland in 1972." In both Catholic and Protestant areas, isolated families are still pulling out and retreating into the ghettos with their own kind, for safety. The reflex is medieval, but then the fury of this conflict has often been that too.

Through it all, Ulstermen—Protestant and Catholic—remain an incredibly sturdy breed, very warm and hospitable. A reporter develops fondnesses, even for some of the bloodiest of them; the shock is great when a man who has had you in for tea one week is found shot dead the next, his body stuffed into the back of a car. The North is both a sickening and a fascinating place. Nonetheless, there is something appealing about the brutal honesty of its politics, even the ear-scraping Northern accent, at least when compared with the soft-spoken hypocrisy one finds in the South.

The Republic professes to want reunification, but this claim is discounted

by displays of indifference, even callousness, toward the plight of Northern Catholics and by insensitivity to the fears of Northern Protestants. The Dubliners really want the North to be given to them free—but not too soon.

Meanwhile, the Irish government has turned on the I.R.A.'s militant Provisional wing, to which it once gave refuge. Sean MacStiofáin, the Provos' former chief of staff, is in military detention, discredited for having broken his hunger and thirst strike. Martin McGuinness, the Provos' 22-year-old Derry brigade commander who used to receive reporters in the Bogside gasworks (Any regrets for the shootings? "Certainly not," he would snap), has also been arrested. Other captured leaders include a strategist who used to explain, coolly and lucidly, the lessons in terror that the I.R.A. had learned from the guerrillas of Palestine and Cyprus. Undoubtedly, other terrorist movements will now study I.R.A. tactics.

For a long time, the I.R.A. was winning. By 1972 it had bombed the Protestant Unionist Government at Stormont out of existence. Indeed, only seven months ago, the Provos were still, in the words of one Ulster politician, "on the pig's back." They, more than any other group, held the key to peace or war. Britain's Secretary for Northern Ireland, William Whitelaw, was dealing with them as a major power, flying them to London in an R.A.F. plane for secret political talks. MacStiofáin even got the British to release an internee from prison camp to join the I.R.A. delegation. But they blundered by breaking a truce they had arranged themselves. As Bogside Catholic M.P. John Hume put it: "The Provos bombed themselves to the conference table, and then they bombed themselves away again."

Tips. Since then, the I.R.A.'s fortunes have declined dramatically. British troops dominate the former I.R.A. strongholds. Tips on hideouts and arms caches are being whispered anonymously into so-called robot telephones, which are hooked up to tape recorders at police stations. "People are putting the finger on the Provos," says one Belfast Catholic politician. "There are no longer so many houses harboring guns, so the I.R.A. has to put them in the garden, in cellophane bags, and the army's digging them up. There aren't any demonstrations against the Provos, but people show their resistance. The curtain has begun to come down."

Like Irish mythology (of which it is already a part), the I.R.A. never quite dies. Nobody is yet willing to write off



ARSONISTS STRIKE IN BELFAST



SOLDIER KILLED BY TERRORIST EXPLOSION
Flower shows amid the violence.

its military potential. Indeed, it recently added Soviet rocket launchers to its weaponry. There are also indications that a new generation of I.R.A. terrorists is coming up. A Belfast boy, 14, was arrested recently while teaching a class in bomb making. In fact, more than half those now being arrested for bomb making are under 22. But the I.R.A. may have already lost its war politically, in the sense that it no longer seems capable of influencing the shape of the new constitutional arrangements that Britain will shortly impose on Northern Ireland.

The British plan, to be outlined soon in a White Paper, could make unpleasant reading for extremists on the other side as well. As Whitelaw told me: "We're long past the stage of Protestant domination as a road to peace. That'll never happen." The big question is whether the British plan will be so unacceptable to Protestant militants, such as the Ulster Defense Association, that they will surge into the streets for a showdown with British authority—and, if that happens, how British forces will react to the challenge. The U.D.A., which claims a membership of 54,000 and has a growing arsenal of weapons, could pose a bigger threat than the I.R.A.

The U.D.A.'s militancy character-



PROTESTANT DEMONSTRATOR AT STORMONT

izes the rising tide of nationalism among Ulster Protestants. The Union Jack is still flown, and curbstones of Belfast's Shankill district remain painted red, white and blue. But more and more narrow doorways are displaying the flag of Ulster, a red cross on a white field, with a red hand upraised in the center. For many Protestants, the British army has become something foreign, and the hostility is mutual. Across barbed-wire peace lines, the soldiers are as likely to mutter about "Protestant bastards" as they do about "Fenian bastards."

One wonders whether a common mistrust of Britain might not eventually unite Ulstermen. In fact, there is already more contact between Protestant and Catholic politicians, even the extremists, than meets the eye. Among those advocating joint exploration of a "negotiated" independence from Britain is John Taylor, onetime Home Minister in the Stormont Cabinet. Taylor was the target of a machine-gun attack by an I.R.A. faction last year. Although still a hard-fisted Unionist, he has recently made discreet approaches to Northern republicans and now enjoys a vogue among Dublin editorialists. Still, the idea of independence, with its implication of British troop withdrawal, gets a frosty reception in London. "Not on," says Whitelaw, his pale blue eyes glinting. Without British troops in Ulster, he observes, "there'd be a holocaust."

Holocaust. Bloodbath. Massacre. Such doomsday language invariably crops up in discussions about Ulster's future. But the end may not be quite so grim. Sheer battle fatigue may give Northern Ireland the respite it needs.

Sweden's Olof Palme: "Neutral But Not Silent"

NO political figure in the Western world was more critical of President Nixon's decision to resume the bombing of North Viet Nam than Sweden's Prime Minister Olof Palme. In an emotional statement last December, Palme, 45, an intense, dedicated socialist, compared the aerial attacks on Hanoi and Haiphong to the past atrocities of "Guernica, Oradour, Babi Yar, Katyn, Lidice, Sharpeville, Treblinka." Washington, long annoyed by Sweden's harsh criticism of the U.S. role in the war, reacted sharply, telling Stockholm, in effect, not to bother sending a new ambassador to the U.S. capital for the time being. Will those ill feelings last into the peace? Palme for one does not think so, as he explained in an interview with TIME's Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schecter. Excerpts:

PALME: We have been used to looking to the United States for moral leadership and authority when it comes to questions of peace and the preservation of basic human values. And just because of this we feel our sorrow and our disappointment to be so great when something like the bombings of Hanoi and Haiphong happens.

SCHECTER: What right does the Swedish Prime Minister have to equate the bombing with the worst Nazi atrocities, given Sweden's record [of neutrality] during World War II?

PALME: I didn't make a direct analogy...You can't compare military commanders or political systems. What I wanted to illustrate is the effects on human beings of mass violence and the enormity of what was happening during the bombings of Hanoi...To make people listen and understand you have to use fairly strong language. During the second World War we took a strong democratic stand in our country. There were open debates. During a dark period, we had to let through some trains with people [Germans] going on leave from Norway. But that we cooperated with the Nazis is sheer nonsense.

SCHECTER: Are you for or against the United States?

PALME: Neutrality has never condemned us to be silent on world issues. Never. When we protested against Hungary, Czechoslovakia or the Berlin Wall in fairly strong language, we didn't hear anything from the White House about our neutrality. There is a long-term political objective...It's all right for the superpowers to have *détente*. But one of the dangers is that if the superpowers have a *détente* among themselves they

might feel free to push small countries around. The danger is this, that the enormous power of the superpowers will be a threat to the independence and right to exist of small countries. We have to speak up for the right of small countries to create their own future.

SCHECTER: How could the U.S. benefit by your experience with the North Vietnamese?

PALME: We must remember that the sensitivities will be very great, but they are realistic. Our thoughts were of the possibility of creating a new type of international machinery to channel reconstruction efforts so that they do not become the exclusive concern of any one country and become an international effort. There were thoughts of an international consortium where the Vietnamese would have a very large say because they have a very great distrust for international bodies.

SCHECTER: What will the long-term results of the bombing of Hanoi mean for the U.S. in Europe? Will it be quickly forgotten?

PALME: If the U.S. continues these

HARRY BEGON



PRIME MINISTER OLOF PALME

kinds of horrors, what about the next time there is trouble in Eastern Europe? The U.S. has lost all moral grounds for complaining. It is a convergence of the Soviet and U.S. systems. The U.S. did something that the Soviets were prepared to do in Czechoslovakia. The Brezhnev and Nixon doctrines are dangerous for small countries.

SCHECTER: Does world opinion influence policy?

PALME: Yes, but not always, not in all cases and never totally. But why are the Russians still making concessions on the Soviet Jews? They were plagued badly on the Czech situation by world opinion. Nixon had many reasons to stop the bombing. World opinion was one of them.



SUCHOWIAN SURVEYING RUBBLE OF HIS HOME (INSET: BEFORE THE CRACKDOWN)

POLAND

Capitalism in Zakopane

One day late last November, several truckloads of tough, black-booted militiamen roared into the streets of Zakopane, a normally placid town of 30,000 in the heart of Poland's Tatra mountain-resort country. Using dogs to keep the townspeople at bay, and snatching film from anyone who tried to take pictures, the men led a procession of bulldozers and demolition workers through the town. Within a matter of hours, the wrecking crews had reduced six spanking new houses to rubble. The owners were arrested and forced to pay fines of up to \$1,364. The offense: building without a permit.

The man who arranged this draconian method of enforcing Poland's building code was Zakopane's staunchly orthodox Mayor Stanislaw Bafia; in his view, the punishment fitted the crime. The capital of a scenic region billed in the brochures as "the Switzerland of Poland," Zakopane had in recent years become known among smart Poles as a good place not only to take a vacation but also to turn an easy zloty or two in illegal housing, building and real estate. As the dimensions of Zakopane's non-Communist economy were revealed in the wake of the November raid, one Warsaw paper charged that the whole area had become "a mini-capitalist state."

Under-the-counter capitalism is practically a way of life in the Tatra highlands, where the *gorali*, as the fiercely independent local mountain men are known, have never been reluctant to deal outside of the regulated state economy. In recent years, the action in the Tatras has shifted from minor-league trade in furs and sheepskin coats to deals in real estate big enough to perk the interest of lawyers, engineers and other professional types from Warsaw, Katowice and Krakow with investment cash to spare. Lured by the tenfold rise in tourism in the area since the end of World War II, and the

inability of the slogging state construction agency *Podhale* to keep up with the demand for decent lodging and restaurant facilities, wealthy Poles have invested about \$54 million in the Zakopane area—roughly as much as the government has spent there over the past ten years.

Stretching laws intended to enable Poles to build or buy homes and small shops, investors have been putting up luxury vacation villas and guesthouses with as many as 30 beds. Much more often than not, the buildings are never licensed or put on the tax rolls. All told, the 1,300 private guesthouses in the Zakopane region produce about \$45 million a year in mostly tax-free revenue—one reason why the *gorali* say that "every time the fog closes in, the guesthouses grow like mushrooms."

Rare Pleasures. So do Zakopane bankrolls. Prosperity has enabled many families to buy new Polish-made Fiats and even to visit relatives in the U.S.—rare pleasures in a country where the average annual income is \$1,380. Bureaucrats are offered—and often accept—bribes for authorizing private use of scarce, rationed building materials, signing building permits, or simply not noticing the existence of brand-new villas in the countryside. As the national daily *Zycie Literackie* put it: "There was a saying in the town that an official arrives with a briefcase, and after two years he has a car and after three more a luxury villa."

In fact, it may all be too good to have ended. Curiously, there has been no sequel as yet to the November crackdown, even though some 300 unlicensed guesthouses continue to operate illegally right inside Zakopane itself. The word among the sullen *gorali* is that most of the victims of the bulldozers were simply too poor to get up the necessary bribes; Stanislaw Suchowian, 30, the father of two, who was arrested at 4 a.m. on the morning of the raid, lost his life's savings when his house was smashed down.

The long-run loser, though, may well be Mayor Bafia. Sensing the ugly

mood of the mountain men, he transferred his teen-age daughter from the local school to one in far-off Warsaw. When he ventures out of his office nowadays, a bodyguard is always at his side.

ITALY

A Plethora of Presidents

Italians, who rarely agree on anything, generally concede—indeed sometimes boast—that their country is just about as inefficient as any in Europe. But no one can say precisely why. Too many strikes and labor problems perhaps? Too many public holidays and long weekends? A more plausible explanation, according to a new survey compiled by Mediobanca, Italy's biggest investment bank, may be that there are too many chiefs in government and not enough Indians. By Mediobanca's count, there are 59,340 presidents running government agencies, or one president for every 900 men, women and children in the country.

The roll is headed by the President of Italy, Giovanni Leone, whose principal task is overseeing the formation of new governments. Since cabinets and coalitions topple frequently in Italy this is almost a full-time assignment. Not so the work of the lesser eminences who preside over such agencies as the Insurance and Welfare Agency for Veterinarians, the National Agency for Assistance to Infants in Border Regions and the President and Assistance Board for Midwives.

Not only is the president of an agency entitled to a full-time salary, but he usually is supported by a board of directors. In a nation of 54 million people, as a result, 1,000,000 men and women sit on government boards. Many of the boards are political sinecures. Small wonder that their output is at times strangely inadequate. Five years ago, a board was created to expedite housing construction for the victims of a Sicilian earthquake. The board was recently abolished without having built a single home; nevertheless, it somehow spent all of the \$344 million that had been appropriated to it. What makes the plethora of presidents so scandalous is that there are all too few technicians working under them. There are, for instance, at least 1,000 presidents of assorted health agencies in Italy, or one for every 100 doctors.

Not even Mediobanca professes to know how to dispose of the presidential surplus. They can scarcely be sent into private industry; there are already 41,336 corporate presidents holding sway there. They certainly cannot join the armed forces. Italy presently has 541 generals to command an army of 267,570 men. (The U.S., by contrast, has 508 generals for an army more than three times as large.) As for the Italian navy, it has 1.23 admirals for every vessel in the fleet.



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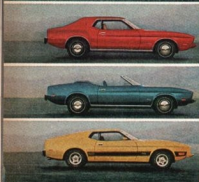
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PEOPLE

Every playwright wants to have at the critics, so when Russia's **Yevgeny Yevtushenko** read a New York *Times* article about his play *Under the Skin of the Statue of Liberty* with the headline "An Anti-U.S. Play Is a Hit in Moscow," he saw red. Pointing out that he had toured the U.S. and admired its young people, Apollo 16, jazz and the Grand Canyon, Yevtushenko told the *Times*: "Neither I nor the director could ever produce an anti-American production, since genuine art cannot be anti-people." *New York* magazine added a footnote, gleefully noting that Yevtushenko had lunched with the editors and that "the enemy of capitalism had enlivened the affair by attempting to sell one of his new poems."

"I have never considered myself a beauty," **Elizabeth Taylor** told a *Ladies Home Journal* interviewer, who seemed understandably dubious. Well, then, who is beautiful? "**Ava Gardner**, **Audrey Hepburn**, **Sophia Loren**, **Brigitte Bardot**, **Raquel Welch**." Also **Madame Jovanka Tito**, the wife of Yugoslavia's President. "She has an inner vitality, an inner glow, great genuine charm and a beautiful smile, but she is an enormous woman—you could sit on her chest." As to how the Taylor beauty will survive the years, the lady herself had a prediction: "I'll be a nice, cuddly, gray-haired old thing, or I'll be fat as a tub of lard, with six chins resting on my bosom."

After an exhausting day in front of the cameras, the star of *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, author **Richard Bach's** fable to flight now being filmed in California, was discovered by a hawk-eyed photographer to be roosting in his own personal chair. Before he could do too much damage, Jonathan was immediately transported back to a local motel, where his room, reported the film company, has a fine view of the ocean—and furniture carefully covered with sheets.

J.L. SEAGULL ON CHAIR



"I never got to work with any of the top leading men," lamented **Bette Davis**, 64, hard at work on a television project at MGM studios. Working on a separate project on the same lot was Top Leading Man **Jimmy Stewart**, 64, so he consoled Bette with an invitation to lunch. "How come you never asked me out when you were one of the most sought-after bachelors in Hollywood?" wondered Bette. With just the right note of shyness, Stewart replied, "I never knew you wanted to go out with me." Reported Bette later: "It took me 41 years to land even a lunch date with him."

Prodigal returned: **Timothy Leary**, 52, the former Harvard lecturer and proponent of high living (via LSD and other drugs) who sneaked out of a California prison in 1970 and has been trying to find a more tolerant homeland ever since. Tossed out of Afghanistan, Leary was collared by U.S. narcs who hustled him back to Los Angeles. Tagging along was his British traveling companion **Joanna Harcourt-Smith**, 26, who announced: "I'm here to free him. Love is what it takes." Said Leary in more practical tones, "I'm going to get a lawyer."

After weeks of snarling uncooperatively at the press—which, of course, was so tantalized it could write of nothing else—**Marlene Dietrich** finally stopped publicizing her recent television special and went off to see a show. Her date: arthritic **Noel Coward**, at 73 as acerbic as ever. While such theater folk as **Joan Sutherland**, **Sir John Gielgud**, **Ethel Merman**, **Helen Hayes** and **Tammy Grimes** watched a special performance of *Oh Coward!*—a sparkling sampler of Sir Noel's works—Marlene confined herself to an occasional scowl and ducked the limelight while her escort received a five-minute standing ovation. As for his reaction to the per-

ROSE KENNEDY ON CANVAS



DAVIS & STEWART ON A DATE



DIETRICH & COWARD ON THE TOWN

formance, Coward was clearly delighted. But, he said, with a characteristic sniff: "One doesn't laugh at one's own dialogue."

"It was very chilly," reminisced **Sir Rudolf Bing**, "and Buckingham Palace was unheated, and I knew that I was catching a cold." The Metropolitan Opera's retired general manager was recollecting from Xerox Recorded Portraits his impressions of being knighted in 1971. "As I walked toward **Queen Elizabeth**," said Bing, "the significance of the occasion suddenly struck me, and I thought of all the historical knighthood ceremonies of the past. She opened her mouth to speak. I could hardly wait for the historic words to emerge. Finally, they came. 'Have you come over here especially for this?' she calmly asked. And I said, 'You'd be surprised, ma'am, but I did.' And we both laughed."

"She is very amusing, has a piquant wit and is terribly interested in what I'm doing," said Artist **Richard Banks**, who had just painted a portrait of **Rose Kennedy**, 82. "I never enjoyed painting anybody so much in my life," he continued. Pleased at being on canvas, Rose then went on the air, allowed herself to be questioned by a Palm Beach, Fla., interviewer who asked her if she had married for love or money. "I married for love," replied Rose, "but got money as a bonus."

China Frees an Enigma

A pale figure tottered across the single-span Louw Bridge last week and stepped onto the platform of the Hong Kong border railroad station. No Westerner had seen him since November 1969. No one knew precisely why the Chinese Communists had detained him or where he had been held. As he fainted before welcoming officials and was whisked away to a hospital, no one knew what strange new yarns Francis James, 54, would thread into an already bizarre journalistic career.

James had been a flamboyant and puckish personality in Sydney. He used an old Rolls-Royce with a typewriter mounted in the rear seat as a mobile office. In 1966 he created a stir by going to Hanoi under a false name and interviewing Ho Chi Minh for *Oz* and for his own publication, *Anglican*. He clashed with successive Conservative governments in Australia; they considered him too sympathetic to Peking and Hanoi, while he complained of harassment by government intelligence agents.

James left Australia in the spring of 1969 to visit London, traveling through China and the Soviet Union along the way. Upon his arrival, he sold the London *Sunday Times* a remarkable story; it told of his visit to secret Chinese nuclear and rocket installations in the remote western province of Sinkiang. With unheard-of garrulity, Chinese officials ostensibly had told James that they were concentrating on the production of hydrogen bombs and the development of a missile with a range of

6,000 miles—assuring their second-strike capacity against the U.S.

Publication of the article on June 15, 1969 brought denials from the Chinese and criticism from a number of professional China watchers, who claimed that James's colorful details frequently contradicted known facts. Returning home, James stopped off in Hong Kong and reentered China in October, where he was seen regaling a group of businessmen in a Canton hotel. Unaccountably, he does not seem to have been bothered by Chinese officials until he attempted to leave on Nov. 4. Just before he vanished, he was seen arguing with some Chinese in uniform 250 yards from the border that he finally crossed last week.

James owes his freedom to the budding cordiality between China and the Labor Government of Australian Prime Minister Gough Whitlam, an old schoolmate of James's who has been lobbying privately for his release for over a year. Too weak to offer more than cursory details of his imprisonment, James did tell a journalist friend that the Chinese had accused him of spying for Russia. "James signed five or six absurd, fairy-tale confessions," reported the *Australian's* Gregory Clark, who also characterized James's stay in China as "three years of constant interrogation and solitary confinement."

Whether James had actually penetrated secret Chinese installations or whether he was only punished for saying that he had may never be known for sure. At week's end, though, Australian and British papers were bidding up to \$50,000 for his side of the story.



NEWSMAN FRANCIS JAMES AFTER CROSSING HONG KONG BORDER
For one controversial exclusive, three mysterious years.

Plans for a national press council, as announced recently by the Twentieth Century Fund, envisaged a body of journalists and laymen that would judge serious complaints against large news organizations (*TIME*, Dec. 11). Because the council would have no police powers or official standing, its success rests solely on the cooperation of the television networks, wire services, news-magazines and major newspapers. They would have to accept the council as a legitimate judge of accuracy and fairness and submit to its fact-finding procedures. Last week, still lacking a staff and a committed budget, the embryo group received a severe jolt when the *New York Times* announced that it will boycott council activities.

In a sharply worded memorandum to his staff, Publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger said: "We will not furnish information or explanations to the council. In our coverage, we will treat the council as we treat any other organization: we will report their activities when they are newsworthy." The press, he continued, is not threatened by its own lapses but by "people who are attempting to intimidate or to use the press for their own ends." Council hearings would call into question the *Times's* credibility "under a procedure so lacking in due process that one organization would function as investigator, prosecutor and judge rolled into one."

No Answer. Sulzberger raised another point that had not been part of the council dispute: that investigators might require newsmen accused of inaccuracy to divulge confidential sources. "We feel it is wrong to suggest that reporters and editors who are willing to risk jail to protect their sources would—or should—be ready to disclose them to the council." M.J. Rossant, director of the Twentieth Century Fund (and a member of the *Times's* editorial board from 1962 to 1967), denied that disclosure would be necessary. Said Rossant: "Some publishers in Britain were opposed to a press council on the same grounds as Sulzberger, but the vast majority now support it."

Although the *Times's* rejection is the most specific to date, other major news organizations, such as NBC, ABC and the Los Angeles *Times*, have announced strong opposition to the idea. Though the Washington *Post* plans to cooperate to a limited degree, Executive Editor Ben Bradlee said last week: "We think it's not the answer to a serious problem." More typical was the comment of Warren Phillips, president of Dow Jones & Co., which publishes the *Wall Street Journal*: "We think that our record over many years demonstrates that we do not require help from a self-appointed, quasi-public committee." Should other publishers and network officials follow the *Times's* lead, as seems likely, the press council may come into existence without any way to operate.

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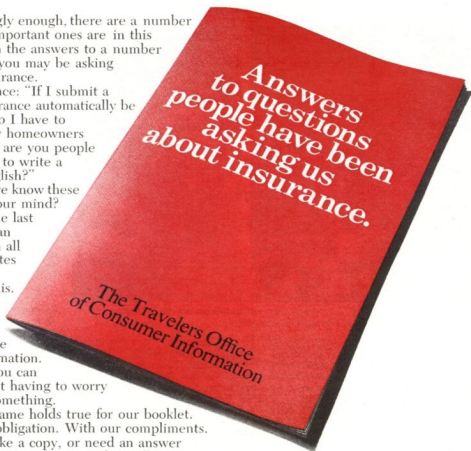
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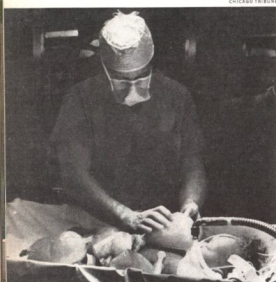
THE TRAVELERS

Frozen Heart

At an age when most babies are active and curious, Oliver Clark lay motionless in his crib, indifferent to his surroundings and gasping from pneumonia that he could not seem to shake. Oliver's prospects for active toddlerhood hardly improved when doctors discovered his problem: a hole in the wall separating the two ventricles, or pumping chambers, of his heart. Oliver was just a year old. Usually such patients do not undergo conventional open-heart surgery until they are at least two, and in the interim normal development may be seriously retarded. In Oliver's case, a team of surgeons at the University of Chicago's Wyler Children's Hospital

school showed no long-range after-effects, such as brain damage.

Dr. Robert Replegle at Wyler Children's Hospital thought that Oliver Clark was a good candidate for hypothermia, and the child's family agreed that the risk was worth taking. Preparations for the operation were painstaking. Oliver's body was packed in ice bags and suspended over a tank of cold water. When the infant's temperature had dropped to about 65° F. and his heart rate to 24 beats per minute, Replegle injected a potassium solution into the heart. That stopped the heart, leaving Oliver in a condition closely resembling death. With the patient's body functions literally frozen, the surgeon could operate without the risk of heavy



OLIVER DURING SURGERY

From a condition resembling death to a new life.



WITH MOTHER AFTER OPERATION

used a dramatic technique that involved drastically lowering Oliver's body temperature and briefly stopping his heart. Their success a month ago means a normal life for Oliver and new hope for other infants with similar defects.

The procedure, called deep hypothermia, was first tried in 1951. It did not come into wide use at that time because the development of the heart-lung machine provided a means for keeping the blood circulating while surgery was performed. In infants, however, use of the heart-lung machine throughout an operation raises two serious problems. The device can damage blood cells that an ill baby cannot afford to lose. It also requires several clamps and connections that crowd the already tiny area in which the surgeon works. Therefore hypothermia was revived in Japan in 1964 and at the University of Washington in 1967, and recent follow-up studies on the handful of patients now entering

bleeding and without the impediment of a pulsating heart muscle.

The surgical part of the five-hour procedure took only 31 minutes and was uncomplicated. Making a tiny incision in the heart, Replegle sewed a dime-sized patch of Dacron cloth over the hole. After the incision was closed, he hooked Oliver up to a heart-lung machine for the first time; it pumped warm blood through his body and washed the potassium out of the heart tissue. The effect was immediate. Oliver's heart began to beat slowly, then gained momentum; within 30 minutes the beat was back to normal.

Replegle, who recently examined Oliver, reports that he is doing "quite well." The doctor believes that the child should eventually be able to do anything—even play football. So, apparently, does Oliver. Says the mother, Mae Clark: "He's trying to walk now. He's just busy, busy, busy."

How much fat is there in a can of corned beef hash? Just how nourishing is a vitamin-enriched cupcake? What is the true caloric content of a serving of diet pudding? What is the difference between orange juice and an orange-flavored drink? Questions like these have bedeviled health- and diet-conscious consumers for years. Under radical new rules announced last week by the Food and Drug Administration, people will get all that information and more on food packages.

Under consideration since last March, the new code was described by FDA Commissioner Charles Edwards as "the most significant change in American marketing since food labeling began." His description is accurate. Some of the new regulations merely clarify or expand existing rules that require only the listing of ingredients (such as beef, salt or flour) in the order of their predominance in a product. Current practice normally does not disclose nutritional components—protein, fat, carbohydrates. Other changes represent substantial shifts in the FDA's attitudes toward informing the consumer. Among the provisions:

NUTRITIONAL LABELING will not be universally compulsory, but it will be required on all foods to which nutrients are added, such as bread, flour, fortified milk and fruit juices. It must also be included on all products for which nutritional claims are made. Labels must include the serving size and number of servings per container, spell out the caloric, protein, carbohydrate and fat contents and list the percentages of the FDA's recommended daily allowances (RDA) of protein, vitamins and minerals.

FAT CONTENT of foods must be broken down whenever it is included on a package label. Producers must list the amounts of polyunsaturated, saturated and other fatty acids in their products. Though producers need not list the cholesterol content of food, those who choose to do so must state it both in milligrams per serving and per 100 grams of food.

SPECIAL DIETARY FOODS will be subject to five specific prohibitions. Manufacturers may not claim or imply that inadequate diet results from the soil in which a food is grown; that transportation, storage or cooking of foods may result in an inadequate diet; or that ordinary foods cannot supply adequate nutrients. Nor can they claim that dietary supplements are sufficient to prevent or cure disease. They are also prohibited from making nutritional claims for non-nutritive ingredients that are added to foods.

FLAVORINGS must be clearly identified. A vanilla pudding that contains no artificial flavoring, for example, will be called simply vanilla pudding. One that contains both natural and artificial flavorings, even if the natural predominates, will be called vanilla-fla-

MEDICINE

vored pudding. Puddings in which the flavoring is largely or wholly artificial will be labeled artificially flavored vanilla pudding.

VITAMINS and other supplements will come under strict new controls. Foods containing less than 50% of the RDA of any vitamin need only carry standard nutritional information on their labels. Those containing up to 150% of the RDA must meet federal standards for dietary supplements. But those containing more than 150% of the RDA must be labeled and marketed as drugs. The purpose is to curb excessive use of vitamins, which is often useless and occasionally dangerous. (The FDA has decided that such newly designated drugs should be sold over the counter, rather than by prescription.)

Reaction to the new regulations, which will affect at least 80% of the food industry and become fully effective by 1975, was mixed. Consumer

BETTY STATLER



SHOPPER STUDYING CEREAL LABEL
New help for the consumer.

groups generally agreed with Edwards that the rules marked "the beginning of a new era in...complete, concise and informative food labeling." Large food producers have not yet offered any serious objections. But manufacturers of vitamins and dietary supplements are upset by the FDA's decision to label their products as drugs. That change will subject them to stringent testing for safety and efficacy.

Despite the possibility of court action by vitamin producers, the FDA anticipates few problems enforcing its new rules. The agency has 17 testing labs across the country to monitor products and ample authority to recall or seize those that fail to meet its standards. Del Monte and Pillsbury, two of the nation's largest food producers, already include nutritional information on the labels of their products; food chains like Safeway and National are planning to do so. Others are expected to go along to satisfy both the FDA and consumers, who are becoming increasingly sophisticated about what they eat.

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Abortion on Demand

Over the past half-dozen years, Americans have taken an increasingly liberal attitude toward abortion. Four states* already permit abortion on demand; in the other 46, pressure is building for the easing of restrictive statutes. But the opposition is rallying its forces, too, and in recent months the controversy has become more heated than ever. The legal battles may be nearing an end, however. Last week TIME learned that the Supreme Court has decided to strike down nearly every anti-abortion law in the land. Such laws, a majority of the Justices believe, represent an unconstitutional invasion of privacy that interferes with a woman's right to control her own body.

The historic ruling, upholding a challenge to Georgia's restrictive abortion statute, will permit states to impose only minimal curbs on the right to abortion at will. These might include consent of a physician, licensing of abortion facilities and a ban on late termination of pregnancy. Beyond that, a woman's freedom to end her pregnancy will not be significantly abridged. No decision in the court's history, not even those outlawing public school segregation and capital punishment, has evoked the intensity of emotion that will surely follow this ruling. The pronouncement, ending 13 months of wrangling among the Justices, is certain to be met with passionate resistance by abortion opponents and to stir new controversy across the nation.

The basis for the court's ruling is a 1965 Supreme Court decision that struck down Connecticut's anti-contraception law and recognized for the first time a constitutional right to privacy in family, sexual and other matters. The Justices were also influenced by the 1972 opinion of U.S. District Judge Jon O. Newman that overturned Connecticut's anti-abortion statute. Newman concluded that a fetus is not a person until it is born, and that it has no constitutional rights. Though acknowledging that there are wide differences of opinion about the moment when human existence begins, Newman ruled that the moral certainty of some people "must remain a personal judgment, one that they may follow in their personal lives and seek to persuade others to follow, but a judgment they may not impose upon others by force of law."

No court ruling can settle the ethical questions about abortion. In fact, as legal restraints are removed, the ethical issues become more urgent; every woman must then rely entirely on herself in deciding whether or not to end an unwelcome pregnancy. She may be influenced in her choice by religious and philosophical considerations, by her

*New York, Washington, Hawaii and Alaska.

views on the right of self-determination, or perhaps by her awareness of the social and psychological consequences of abortion.

► **WHEN DOES LIFE BEGIN?** Most theologians and philosophers believe that she should base her decision on the question that Newman found to be a matter of individual judgment: when does a human being begin to exist? Is a fetus only "a bit of vegetating unborn matter" that counts for nothing, as Physician H.B. Munson asserts? Or is it a real person whose destruction Terence Cardinal Cooke describes as "slaughter of the innocent unborn"? The view of the fetus as a person has spawned a nationwide, Catholic-dominated, Right to Life movement whose partisans insist that abortion deprives the fetus of due process under the Constitution. Asserts Fordham Law Professor Robert Byrn, a leader of the movement in Manhattan, "I believe that each of us has the right to privacy. But there is a superior interest—the right to life."

Some biologists believe that humanity begins at conception because the fertilized egg cell contains human DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid). Manhattan Lawyer Cyril Means Jr., among others, finds this line of reasoning unconvincing: each sperm and egg also contain DNA, yet hardly anyone would argue, even metaphysically, that spermatozoa and ova possess the value of human beings.

A more persuasive argument makes a distinction between an embryo and a viable fetus—one sufficiently developed to survive outside the uterus. Because of incubators and sophisticated medical techniques, such survival is now possible after 28 weeks. "In this modern day," asserts R. Paul Ramsey, a Methodist and a professor of religion at Princeton University, "viability must be regarded as the equivalent of birth."

Most behavioral scientists, however, do not believe that viability marks the beginning of humanity. In their view, a fetus is not a person but a coherent system of unrealized capacities, and humanity is "an achievement, not an endowment." Anthropologist Ashley Montagu concurs, arguing that the embryo, fetus and newborn do not become truly human until molded by social and cultural influences after birth.

► **WHOSE RIGHT TO LIFE?** Some ethicists are not especially concerned about pinpointing the moment when human life begins. Philosopher Hans Jonas, who teaches at Manhattan's New School for Social Research, emphasizes rather that "a mother-to-be is more than her individual self. She carries a human trust, and we should not make abortion merely a matter of her own private wish." A secular ethicist, Jonas believes that society has a "social responsibility" toward pregnant women: it must protect the "mission of motherhood against



COUNSELOR EXPLAINING THE PILL

the clamors of individuals or of social movements. To give this mission over completely to individual choice oversteps the order of nature." Others disagree. According to Reform Rabbi Israel Margolies, a fetus "is literally part of its mother's body, and belongs only to her and her mate."

In fact, feminists—and male sympathizers—insist that the fetus belongs to the woman alone, and that her sovereignty over her body is absolute. Feminist Emily Moore notes that open abortion recognizes "the needs and desires of half the population—women." She complains, too, that "we have a celibate male religious hierarchy which is in the forefront of opposition to the full recognition of women as persons, and we have male-dominated legislatures and a male-dominated medical profession who are loath to relinquish their role as decision makers in this arena."

That male reluctance, Psychoanalyst Robert B. White suggests, stems from powerful unconscious and irrational motives: "Pregnancy symbolizes proof of male potency. If men grant women the right to dispose of that proof, we men feel terribly threatened lest women rob us of our masculinity."

► **SOCIAL EFFECTS.** Proponents of abortion argue that anti-abortion laws not only abridge women's rights but abridge them unequally. They cite Anatole France, who in 1894 wrote sardonically that "the law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges." What his words meant then was that the rich could find beds; what they suggest now is that despite anti-abortion laws, rich women can always find doctors who, for a price, will end their unwanted pregnancies.

Anti-abortion laws are also socially harmful, say those who favor abortion, because they require the birth of unwanted offspring—"foredoomed children," Manhattan Psychoanalyst Nat-



WOMEN'S NATIONAL ABORTION ACTION COALITION DEMONSTRATING IN DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO (1971)

ROGER LUBIN



ABORTION FOE DISPLAYING FETUS

Shainess calls them. Indeed, a Swedish study of 120 wanted children and 120 others born to mothers who had been refused abortion suggests that Shainess could be right. By age 21, some 28% of the unwanted offspring had required psychiatric treatment as against 15% of the wanted children. Similar differences in delinquency rates, school failures and need for welfare aid led the researchers to conclude that "the unwanted children were worse off in every respect." Still, unwelcome pregnancies do not necessarily result in unwelcome infants: pregnant women often change their minds when their children are born, and "unwanted" babies are very much wanted by adoptive parents.

Some abortion opponents fear that liberal laws encourage an "abortion habit." Indeed, studies in Japan and the Soviet Union, where abortions are readily obtainable, suggest that some women do seek repeated operations. In the U.S., one preventive measure is already being tried on an experimental scale. At San Francisco General Hospital, a new

kind of mental health professional called the "abortion counselor" meets with patients before, during and after their operations, in part to help women understand what emotional factors may have kept them from using adequate contraception.

► **PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS.** As for the psychological effect of abortion on women, not much is known. "While the literature is immense," says Psychologist Henry David of the Transnational Family Research Institute in Washington, D.C., there is "undue reliance on impressionistic case reports." The one certainty, he says, is that "there is no psychologically painless way to cope with an unwanted pregnancy."

Psychiatrist Theodore Lidz feels that abortion is always "a potential major trauma," and Washington, D.C., Psychiatrist Julius Fogel believes that "a psychological price is paid. It may be alienation, it may be a pushing away from human warmth." In the experience of Los Angeles Psychoanalyst Ralph Greenson, abortion is often followed by a delayed reaction of depression. Oddly enough, the father is more likely to feel guilty than the mother.

Many experts find that the emotional aftermath of abortion depends somewhat on circumstances (abortion is harder on single women for example, than on married ones) and greatly on emotional health. A study by Psychiatrist Norman Simon found that reactions were mild and transient in women who were relatively stable before their pregnancy was terminated.

In the experience of Psychiatrist Carol Nadelson of the Pregnancy Counseling Service in Boston, giving up a child for adoption "is a much more major trauma than abortion." Psychologist David points out that while psychosis after childbirth develops in 4,000 U.S. mothers each year, there are few cases of post-abortion psychosis. Nor is there much evidence even of less serious emotional trouble.

According to a team of Harvard psychiatrists who have studied 100 cases, "the vast majority of women do

not experience mental anguish." Quite the contrary: they feel great relief when the abortion is over, and their mental health becomes and remains better. In fact, after surveying 75 of his colleagues in the U.S. and abroad, Psychiatrist Jerome Kummer concluded that the notion of post-abortion mental illness is probably myth: "Abortion, far from being a precipitator of psychiatric illness, is actually a defense against it in women susceptible to mental illness."

Kummer is not alone in his positive view. For many women, according to Psychiatrist Nadelson, the experience "can produce psychological growth." Feminist Moore concurs: "For the woman who has let her life wash over her, who has let her life be directed by forces outside of herself, to make a decision to take charge of her life can be an extremely liberating, positive experience. For the first time in her life, she is the master of her destiny."

Catholic author Sidney Cornelia Callahan disagrees: "That was Raskolnikov's argument in *Crime and Punishment*: that to kill somehow gave him a sense of growth. I would say everything you have said for contraception, but not for abortion." Nevertheless Moore is convinced that she is right—and from her own experience even concludes that it can sometimes be wrong not to end a pregnancy: "It would have been extremely immoral for me not to have an abortion when I did. There were circumstances having to do with my family, my studies, my future, my health. Taking these factors into account, it would have been grossly unfair to me, to the child and to my family to have carried a pregnancy to full term."

Joseph Fletcher, an Episcopalian and a professor of medical ethics at the University of Virginia, is typical of those who favor abortion. In his opinion, the freedom to get an abortion—and the exercise of that freedom—represents an advance in social ethics. In fact, he says, the nation's increasingly liberal outlook is "a welcome trend away from the sanctity-of-life attitude toward a quality-of-life ethic."

The Star-Planet

Astronomers have long believed that the universe is teeming with planetary systems, some of which may contain worlds inhabited by intelligent life. Yet they have been hard-pressed to prove their case. Interstellar distances are so vast that even the most powerful telescopes on earth could not spot a planet orbiting the sun's nearest stellar neighbor, Proxima Centauri, which is a relatively scant 4.3 light-years (or about 26 trillion miles) away.

That statistic did not deter Astronomer Peter van de Kamp of Swarthmore (Pa.) College's Sproul Observatory. In the late 1960s, after years of patient observation, he provided what seems to be the first evidence of planets beyond the solar system: two large Saturn-size bodies circling Barnard's Star, which is 5.9 light-years from earth. Now van de Kamp has announced a discovery that may be still more significant. At a meeting of the American Astronomical Society in Las Cruces, N. Mex., he reported finding another unseen body orbiting the star Epsilon Eridani, 10.7 light-years away. The mysterious object does not fit any conventional category. Too large to be considered an ordinary planet, it is also too small to be regarded as a true star.

Tiny Wobbles. How could van de Kamp find—let alone describe—objects so distant that they cannot be seen through optical telescopes or detected by radiotelescopes? He owes his success to a branch of astronomy called astrometry, which includes the measuring of tiny perturbations, or wobbles, in the

paths of some stars as they move almost imperceptibly against the background of much more distant "fixed" stars. Astronomers are convinced that those periodic disturbances in what should be a smooth line of motion as the stars wheel about the center of the Milky Way Galaxy can mean only one thing: that the stars are being tugged by the gravitational attraction of planets or small companion stars orbiting around them.

Van de Kamp began his search in 1937. He used Sproul's 24-in. refracting telescope to photograph at regular intervals the several hundred stars in the sun's immediate neighborhood in hopes of detecting any odd movements in their paths. In addition to his interest in Barnard's Star, he was particularly intrigued by Epsilon Eridani. Though most nearby stars are small, relatively faint "red dwarfs," Epsilon Eridani is a bright yellow-orange star somewhat like the sun with about seven-tenths of its mass and 30% of its luminosity. Thus, if there were any planets in orbit around Epsilon Eridani, at least one might be at the right distance from the parent star to receive enough light and heat to sustain the evolution of life. In fact, the similarities between Epsilon Eridani and the sun prompted radio astronomers in 1960 to aim their big antennas at the star in a brief—and unsuccessful—effort to detect radio emissions that might be emanating from a civilization on a planet in orbit around it.

Van de Kamp had better luck. By 1967, he noticed that Epsilon Eridani was not following "the straight and narrow path of a true single star." But its wobbles seemed too small to be the re-

sult of the large gravitational pull of a dark companion star. Cautiously, the astronomer and his associates waited until they had accumulated more than 800 photographic plates of Epsilon Eridani before they felt ready to measure the perturbations and calculate what might be causing them. Now they believe that an unseen object is orbiting Epsilon Eridani at a distance of about eight times the distance between the earth and sun—probably too far off to receive enough heat to support earthlike life. One complete revolution of the object around the central star takes 25 years. Most astonishing of all, the mysterious body is at least six times as massive as the giant planet Jupiter.

Even so, van de Kamp explains, the mass of Epsilon Eridani's companion is less than 1% of the sun's; thus the body is probably incapable of sustaining the nuclear reactions that fire all stars. "What we have is not a star in the ordinary sense, nor is it a conventional planet," he says. "Perhaps, we should call it a 'star-planet.' Certainly, it is something that challenges theorists for an explanation."

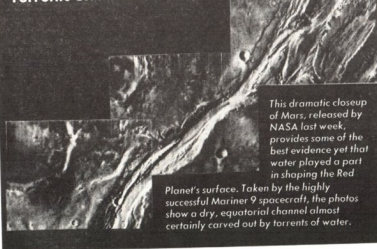
Back to the Moon

Though the U.S. has called off its program of lunar exploration, Russian interest in the moon shows no sign of waning. Last week, only a month after the final visit of American astronauts to the moon, the Soviets successfully landed their second unmanned lunar rover in two years. Looking like an old-fashioned washub sitting atop eight small wheels, Lunokhod (moonwalker) 2 rolled down the gangplank of its lander and parked itself in a mountainous region at the edge of the Sea of Serenity, only about 100 miles from Apollo 17's Taurus-Littrow base.

Under the direction of the same earth-bound "driver" who successfully operated Lunokhod 1 for more than 10 months (according to a local joke, he is a former Moscow cabbie), the 1,848-lb. vehicle promptly began reconnoitering the area. In the span of about half an hour, said Tass, it crawled about 30 yds., taking a small crater "in its stride." Its protruding lobster-like TV eyes gave the ground team "a good view of the moonscape." Then, after completing this initial exercise, the robot was given a day's rest so that it could soak up the sun and recharge its solar-powered batteries.

Nearly 200 lbs. heavier than Lunokhod 1, which it closely resembles, the remarkable machine is apparently equipped with sophisticated gear to analyze the soil that it picks up. In addition, the robot carries a cosmic-ray counter, a "telescope" that can look for distant X-ray sources in the heavens and a French-built laser reflector, which—like similar reflectors left behind by Apollo—should enable scientists to measure the distance between earth and moon with extreme accuracy.

Torrents on the Red Planet



This dramatic closeup of Mars, released by NASA last week, provides some of the best evidence yet that water played a part in shaping the Red Planet's surface. Taken by the highly successful Mariner 9 spacecraft, the photos show a dry, equatorial channel almost certainly carved out by torrents of water.

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Overhaul at Oberlin

Though J.W. Heisman of Heisman Trophy fame once served as the school's football coach (1892-94), Ohio's Oberlin College has always been better known for its string quartets than its quarterbacks. While the Oberlin Conservatory of Music was winning international acclaim, the athletic teams were losing so regularly that an independent study two years ago concluded that the sports program at the small (enrollment: 2,700) liberal arts college should either be scrapped or drastically overhauled. Oberlin's 36-year-old President Robert Fuller opted for the drastic—he appointed Jack Scott (TIME, May

tion as a radical, the University of Washington three years ago offered him a job as an assistant professor of physical education. A month later the offer was withdrawn. Scott sued and settled out of court for one year's salary: \$10,500.

When Scott arrived at Oberlin last year, the reaction was surprisingly skittish for a liberal institution that prides itself on being the first white college to admit blacks (1835) and the first college to graduate women (1837): four of the 14 staffers in the athletic department, including the football and basketball coaches, resigned. "Sports will be destroyed at Oberlin," one coach warned darkly. Scott, noting that the

fied guy. He's not a black-power person who's going to blow up the gymnasium with a hand grenade. He wants to build winning teams."

Winning teams? But what about the claim that Scott wants to do away with such antiquated sport rituals as keeping score? Nonsense, he says. "To tell a competitive athlete who is training three and four hours a day, day in, day out, year after year, to not be concerned with victory is liberal snobbery. Or at best it is the remark of someone who simply does not understand the agonistic struggle that is an integral part of the competitive sports experience. It is just as wrong to say winning isn't anything as it is to say winning is the only thing."

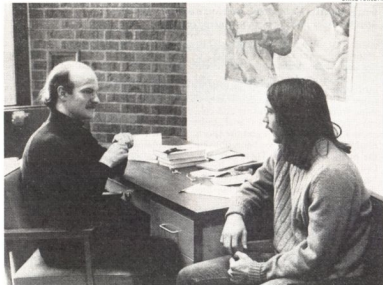
Machismo. Scott has also replaced traditional classes in horseback riding with such courses as "Sports and the Mass Media" and "Body-Mind Harmony Through Gymnastics." Upon discovering that last year's budget had been spent almost exclusively on men's sports, Scott added two females to his staff to promote women's athletics and "break down the machismo atmosphere." To help eliminate the distinction between so-called major and minor sports, he did away with admission charges to all Oberlin sporting events. And to give athletes more of a say, he granted them veto power over the selection of coaches and the right to help decide their own training rules. "There's more of a team feeling now," says Marty Dugan, co-captain of the basketball team. "It's not just the coach telling you to do something. There's room for questioning." Dugan will soon be on the receiving end when, at Scott's request, he will coach the golf team, the first student to hold such a position.

Though Scott's critics scoff at such plans as having team members vote on starting lineups, there is anything but anarchy on the playing fields of Oberlin. In fact, Scott's quest for "excellence without dehumanizing the athlete" seems to be succeeding. Attendance at exercise classes has more than doubled, and over 30 students are now majoring in phys. ed., a department that was all but ignored in recent years. This season the football team won two of nine games with a lame-duck coach, but Scott claims little credit for the improvement. He agrees with President Fuller that it is too early in his four-year contract to pass judgment on Oberlin's athletic experiment. "The real verdict won't be in for a few years," Fuller says, "but if it does work, I'm sure many other schools will adopt the approach."

The Boston Badmouths

Club owners have the money and power. Players have their unions and the right to strike. Referees have the last word. But what does the forgotten sports fan have? *Sports Huddle*, that's what.

Originating in Boston, *Sports Huddle* is a raucous weekly radio show ded-



OBERLIN ATHLETIC DIRECTOR JACK SCOTT CONFERRING WITH STAFF MEMBER
Seeking excellence without dehumanizing the athlete.

24, 1971), 30, as athletic director and chairman of the physical education department.

Like most athletic directors, Scott is a former jock; he was a sprinter at Syracuse. But that is where the similarity ends. While covering the 1968 Olympics for *Ramparts*, he "tried to explain why blacks were angry and exploited as athletes." He briefly taught a course at the University of California called "Intercollegiate Athletics and Higher Education: A Socio-Psychological Evaluation" and founded the Institute for the Study of Sport and Society to "help interpret what's going on in sport and make it what it can and should be." Scott's two books, *Athletics for Athletes* and *The Athletic Revolution*, are so critical of racist, brutalizing, win-at-any-cost practices in college athletics that Spiro Agnew once rebuked him in a speech as an enemy of sport. Despite Scott's growing reputa-

Oberlin football team had gone winless in eight games the season before he arrived, had an obvious rejoinder: "How can we destroy sports with a record like that? We have nowhere to go but up." Describing himself as a "radical populist," Scott insists that his aim is not to de-emphasize but to "democratize" sports. In an odd non sequitur, he adds: "What no one realizes is that I voted for Barry Goldwater in 1964, and read Ayn Rand."

Nonetheless, Scott rattled the traditionalists when he hired Tommie Smith (the sprinter who is best remembered for his clenched-fist salute on the victory stand after he won the 200-meter dash at the 1968 Olympics) as track and basketball coach. Last week, in keeping with his crusade to help blacks "become involved in the brains of sport, not just the brawn," he appointed Cass Jackson as football coach. Of Smith, Scott says: "He's a pretty quiet, digni-

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SPORTS HUDDLERS MARK WITKIN, EDDIE ANDELMAN & JIM MCCARTHY
Attacking sock sniffers, stars and sacred cows.

icated to "looking out for the fans." The proprietors—Mark Witkin, Jim McCarthy and Eddie Andelman—are an unholy trio of amateur broadcasters and professional fans. Every Sunday night from 7 to 11, they rail against everything from overpriced tickets and cold hot dogs to sportswriters ("Sock sniffers in the locker room") and the sports establishment ("They've been abusing the public for years"). Their format is like the New England Patriots' offense: haphazard. Their delivery sounds like three guys gassing in a gin mill—that is, loose and loudmouth.

It all comes naturally to Attorney Witkin, 33, Insurance Executive McCarthy, 44, and Real Estate Broker Andelman, 36. They were "discovered" four years ago when an executive from station WUNR overheard their loud banter in a Boston bar and invited them to sound off at a microphone. *Sports Huddle* was such an instant hit that six months later it was transferred to WRZ, a 50,000-watt station heard in 32 states and Canada. Before long, the station, which also broadcasts the Boston Bruins' games, had some grievances of its own: McCarthy dismissed Bruin President Weston Adams Jr. as "the biggest jerk I ever met," while Andelman described Boston Garden, the Bruins' home rink, as "a pig pen, a garbage pit. Even Vincent Price wouldn't shoot a horror movie there." When WBZ, reportedly under pressure from the Bruins, dropped the show in May 1971, 2,000 *Sports Huddle* loyalists staged a demonstration in the station's parking lot.

The show was quickly picked up by WEEL, a CBS affiliate, and a syndicated version is now heard on more than 50 stations across the U.S. Deluged with up to 20,000 calls a night, the three superfans attack what they call the "hidden injuries of class" by blasting everyone from politicians who hog tickets to the "phony, bigoted yachtsmen of the New York Yacht Club." Though they

have broadened their attack to suit their national audience, they still hit home the hardest. Among their favorite targets are Boston Red Sox Manager Eddie Kasko ("A mealymouthed marshmallow") and Bruin Star Bobby Orr ("He's not the humble, gracious, Bible-touting kid everyone says he is"). While some of their high jinks are sophomoric or just plain silly (they once telephoned the commandant of the Buckingham Palace Guards to ask if he would trade two of Her Majesty's finest for a pair of Patriot guards), WEEL's triple threats are convinced that "the majority of our opinions are what the fans believe."

Too Cheap. Their crusades can pay off. When *Sports Huddle* lambasted Richard Nixon for not congratulating the Bruins for winning the 1970 Stanley Cup, 30,000 listeners sent protest letters to the White House. The President responded with a congratulatory telegram and later, while driving in a convertible in Dublin, held up a sign saying BOSTON BRUINS ARE NO. 1. Claiming that the Patriots were "too cheap" to find a decent field-goal kicker, *Sports Huddle* launched a "Search for Superfoot" among 1,600 English soccer players; the winner, Mike Walker, a Lancashire bricklayer, was not only signed by the Patriots last season but appeared in eight games. In March the three superfans are going to Australia to scout some rugby players who can reportedly punt a football 70 yds. Andelman confidently says that when the "Kangaroo Kid" makes his debut in pro football next season, "he'll be so good they'll have to change the rule book."

Sports Huddle fans do not take such predictions lightly. On the eve of the Miami Dolphins' 14-7 Super Bowl victory over the Washington Redskins, the Boston badmouths consulted a psychic, a bookie, two Chinese abacus experts and assorted astrologers, then correctly predicted the winner of the championship game for the fourth season in a row.

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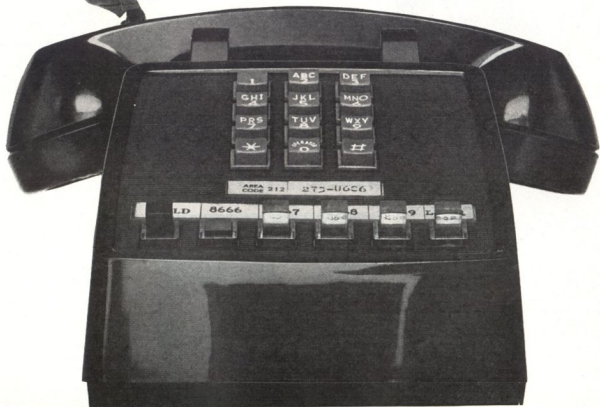
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call in an order on Wall St.
they get action.**

**But who takes care
of the little guy?"**



Classics Revisited

Like virtually everything in the theater, the revival is an enterprise of high risk. In addition to normal hazards, it must compete with the playgoer's memories of past productions or expectations aroused in the classroom or the library. In an era of relative creative dearth like the present, a spate of revivals comes to the fore as the theater's defensive mechanism of survival. Some are delightful, some are dreadful, all are instructive; it is invariably interesting to see what the effects of time, changing values or an altered milieu have had on a classic. Some current revivals on the New York boards:

MEDEA, by Euripides, is a tale of vitriolic passion. The heroine (Irene Papas) is a sorceress from Colchis. She falls in love with Jason (John P. Ryan) and helps him regain the Golden Fleece. In the process, Medea betrays her father and murders her brother.

The play proper begins in Corinth where Jason—mean, unloving and ungrateful—has become engaged to Glauce, the daughter of King Kreon. In a fury of revenge, Medea arranges the death of Glauce and Kreon through the device of a poisoned robe. Suppressing all motherly instincts, she hacks to death the two children she has had by Jason.

The first thing to note about *Medea* is that it is an un-Greek tragedy in Aristotelian terms. Though Medea fell in love with Jason through the agency of the goddesses Hera and Aphrodite, the deities are conspicuously absent from the play as instruments of inevitability. The heroine does not fall through a fatal flaw, or die, and the catharsis of pity and terror is largely missing. Medea wreaks havoc on herself and those around her by fulfilling her own nature, that of being a creature of unbridled emotions. To Euripides and his Greek audience, the tragedy was probably regarded as that of all humankind whenever passion overcomes reason.

In his fluent adaptation, Director

Minos Volonakis has taken another tack. He views *Medea* as a social tragedy in which the heroine is victimized as a racial alien and violated as a woman simply because she is a woman. Greece's Irene Papas, who has often played aggrieved and grieving women (Z. Electra, Iphigenia in Aulis), brings to the role a controlled intensity, an innate intelligence, and an implacably stubborn anger. To humanize the part, however, is to make it somewhat less than awesome in its sweeping horror. The paradox remains that the Greek playwrights gave us a gallery of women who bewail their powerlessness while these very same women are as flintily, dauntingly formidable as any of their sex ever seen on or off a stage.

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS, by Sean O'Casey. The play tells of the Easter Rising of 1916, a kind of futile miniature war seen through the eyes of the innocent bystanders. O'Casey's tragicomic vision is almost as constant as Shakespeare's, and his ironic sense of people and events moves always through counterpoint. After some fancy blather about "the glory of bloodshed," one sees the terrible reality of a boy dying of a stomach wound. Nora (Roberta Maxwell) pleads desperately with her husband not to go on with the fighting. He leaves her, is killed, and she goes affectingly mad.

Despite the tragedies of war and death, laughter and the mean and drunken energies of life go on. While a British warship is shelling this Dublin slum, O'Casey's characters are out looting the shops, trying on fancy hats, trundling pianos down the streets and pulling big double beds out of broken shop windows. O'Casey's turbulent canvas of humanity makes him almost a Brueghel among playwrights.

What goes wrong with the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater revival is that O'Casey's people are ineffectually Irish, and this cast, with one exception, plays acts at being Irish. The exception is Jack MacGowran, who is vastly impressive as Fluther Good, a cocky, reeling indomitable sparrow of a man with wistful repentance on the brain and wet wit on his tongue.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD, by Anton Chekhov. An aristocratic family of spent means and etiolated will is about to lose its ancestral home and beloved cherry orchard. By symbolic extension, the privileged are about to lose all of Russia. Everyone has his favorite Chekhov play, but no one has ever seriously denied that this is one of the greatest plays in the entire history of dramatic art. It



MACGOWRAN (FOREGROUND) IN "PLOUGH"



MULHARE, MOOREHEAD, HENREID & MONTALBAN IN "DON JUAN IN HELL"



JAMES EARL JONES IN "CHERRY ORCHARD"



RYAN & PAPAS IN "MEDEA"

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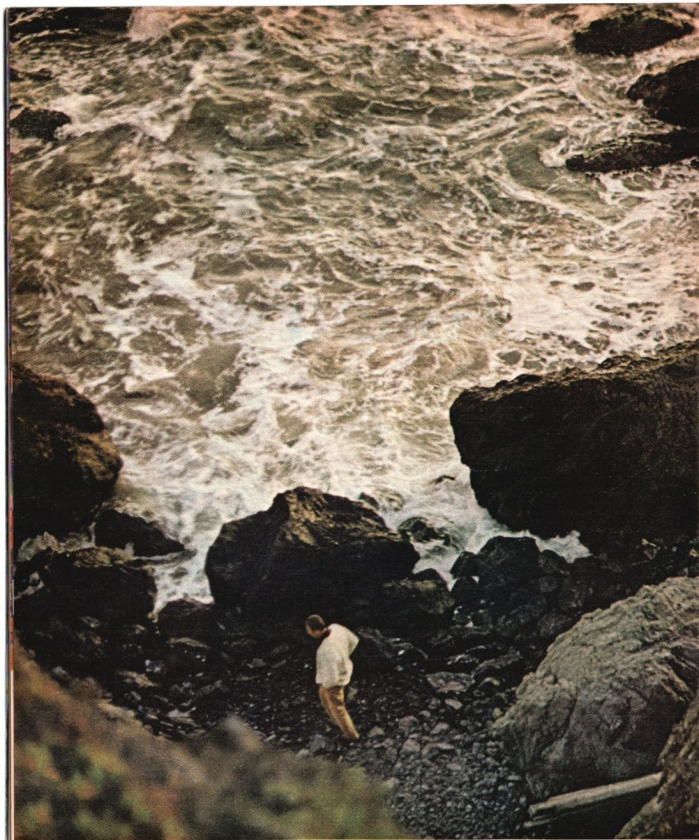
Southwest; organizing a fishing cooperative in Uganda; giving vocational guidance to ex-convicts in Wisconsin.

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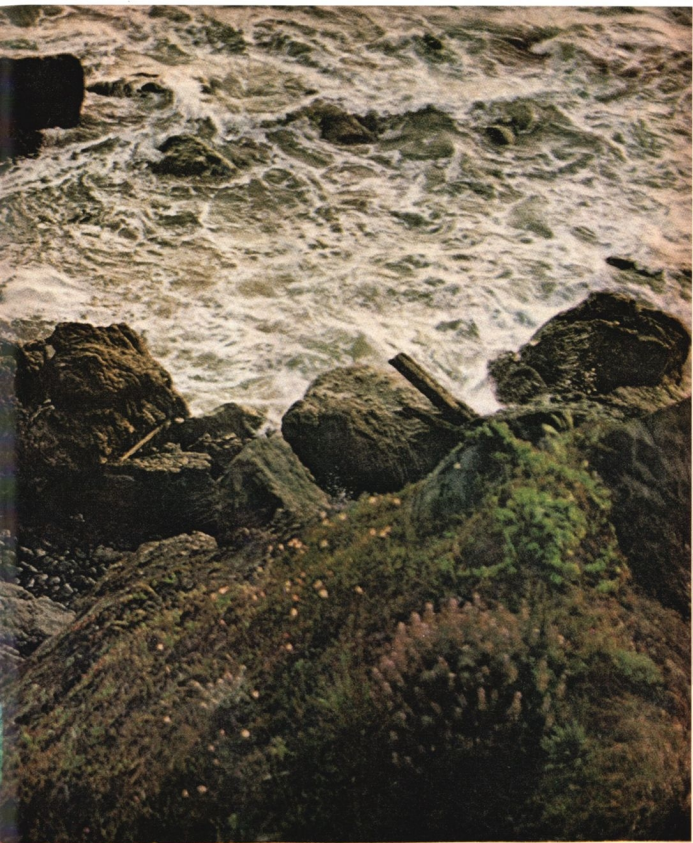
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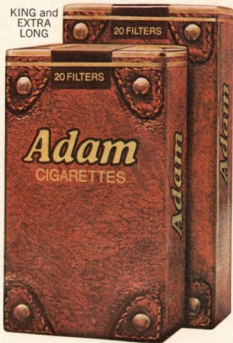
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THE THEATER

is a daunting venture for any group of actors, and especially for an all-black cast such as this, since black actors have had such meager opportunities to play classic roles. Insofar as this production at Joseph Papp's Public Theater is a test of the thesis that blacks can play traditionally white roles with equal credibility and excellence, the results are inconclusive. There is proof, however, that proper casting is as imperative with blacks as with whites.

Two key roles in this *Cherry Orchard* are miscast, not as to skill, but in terms of temperament. Madame Ranevskaya, who cannot bring herself to uproot the orchard and build a housing development, ought to be enveloped in actressy vanity and a flighty inability to cope. Yet Gloria Foster displays little vanity and seems to possess such granitic strength as to have sold the estate and axed the first cherry tree herself. Lopakin, the son of a serf, who buys the Ranevskaya property at auction, is played a shade too unctuously by James Earl Jones, who also lacks the quality of a steely, patient peasant finally coming into his own. Earle Hyman, on the other hand, succeeds as Madame Ranevskaya's billiards-obsessed brother Leonid. Hyman's portrayal of world-weary neurasthenia and narcotized memories of past luxury perfectly realizes one important aspect of the play.

DON JUAN IN HELL, by George Bernard Shaw. This is Act III of the four-act *Man and Superman*. It is usually left out of the play, since it has only a tenuous connection with the rest of the larger work and lasts two hours all by itself. It is a dream sequence set in hell, with four characters out of the legend made famous by Molière and Mozart: Don Juan; Doña Ana, whose virtue he attempted to assault; the Commendatore, her father, slain by the archseducer; and the devil. In all of English drama, there is no more dazzlingly sustained discussion of ideas in dialogue. The words sing, the ideas go off like fireworks. It is like a great parliamentary debate in which the members orate arias with the omnipresent Shaw in the Speaker's chair. Behind it all is Shaw's master paradox: that hell is the kind of heaven most people crave, with the devil as a genial host offering comfort and the best of company. But heaven is for the ardent, soldierly few, driven by divine discontent and the life force, who see man only as an unending bridge to his better self.

As the devil, Edward Mulhare is an urbane charmer, and Paul Henreid's Commendatore and Agnes Moorehead's Doña Ana are all that could be asked. In the title role, Ricardo Montalban is superb, no libertine at all, but Shaw incarnate, with his puritan passion for exposing hypocrisy and cant. If all our minds are freer of the pollution of smug platitudes, it is because Shaw, with his Jovian laughter, helped to clear them.

•T.E. Kalem

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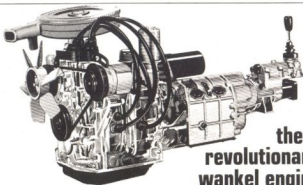
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"AN INSANE WAR WITH THE EARTH": FUMES FROM A REFINERY IN THE BASHKIR REPUBLIC CAST A PALL OVER DEAD TREES

EASTPHOTO

ENVIRONMENT

Rescuing Russia

Let us not be very hopeful about our human conquest over nature. For each such victory, nature manages to take her revenge.

—Friedrich Engels

For years, Soviet leaders ignored the warning. Dams were built, new farm lands opened, and the five-year plans rolled on one after the other—all proving that a country can industrialize in a great hurry. But as in other industrial nations, the cost to Russia's ecology has been great. For years Russia maintained a news blackout about the relentless exploitation of its natural resources. When Western journalists tried to confirm infrequent reports of ecological disruption, they met only bureaucratic doubletalk about Soviet laws, decrees and decisions to safeguard nature.

Now the news blackout is lifting. Soviet reporters and scientists have recently been allowed to describe—and criticize—Mother Russia's sins against Mother Nature with unprecedented freedom, presumably because the subject is essentially apolitical, and environmental troubles have become too serious to hide. The picture that emerges shows that centrally controlled economic planning is no guarantee of an unspoiled environment.

Impotence. Russia has a plethora of environmental laws, but they are not being enforced. The revelation clearly startles Russians. An official report from Estonia excoriates the republic's Economy Minister for "complete passiveness and impotence"; he did not make chemical and pulp plants install antipollution devices required by law. *Izvestia* is complaining about a metallurgical plant that has illegally "poisoned" the air of Rustavi, near Tbilisi. In Russia's far north, *Pravda* says, an oil-drilling crew did not take "the most

basic precautions" to avoid polluting the Pechora River.

It is the old dilemma familiar to capitalist countries: production v. pollution. Soviet managers are paid bonuses for reaching or exceeding official quotas on production. Thus a factory manager will gladly pay a small fine (\$60 to \$600) for polluting on the way to earning a generous premium (\$6,000 to \$12,000) for meeting planned goals. Even though the state, not the market, sets prices on goods, Soviet planners and managers are usually reluctant to raise costs of production by employing environmental safeguards.

The extent of damage rather than the causes seems to horrify Soviet reporters. Strip-mining, which accounts for about 75% of the U.S.S.R.'s manganese output and 30% of its coal, has become a favorite target. In the Ukraine, the *Literary Gazette* reports, one mine has turned its surroundings into "a lunar landscape." Another mine was described as so destructive that "to restore fertility would need 50,000 years." The article quotes a surface-mine manager as saying "We are waging an insane war with the earth."

Russian critics are also challenging timbering practices. "We used to care for our forests," a forestry official says in *Pravda*. "But now we are mainly lumberjacks." Even in a nation with 30% of the world's timber, the annual overcutting, four experts warn, means that "the exhaustion of forests reaches farther north every year." The results: "Erosion is intensifying, river levels falling and climate changing for the worse."

Russia has its problems with water too. Dams and irrigation networks on the rivers feeding the landlocked Caspian and Aral seas have diverted so much water that the sea levels have dropped alarmingly over the past decade—by 10 ft. in the Aral alone. A scientist says that the only way to restore

the Caspian Sea and to slake the "colossal thirst" of users along the way, is to turn rivers now flowing north to the Arctic Ocean southward. Some international scientists fear that without the usual supply of easily frozen fresh water reaching the northern seas, the polar icecap will recede—and the consequent melting will flood the world's seacoasts.

Cleanup. As if to stamp their approval on the new outburst of public concern, the Soviets have begun to take remedial action. Most recently they announced that Russia, like the U.S. and Great Britain, will set up an environmental-protection service to police air and water pollution throughout the nation. Beyond that, the government will spend over \$1 billion to clean up the Volga and Ural drainage basins, \$840 million for purifying facilities in 420 factories, and \$360 million for sewage-treatment plants in 15 cities. At Irkutsk, new water-treatment plants have already made the Angara River, Mayor N.F. Salatsky says, "as clear as a woman's tears." It will be many years, however, before the same can be said about other Russian rivers. Fifty years of headlong industrial development have left the Soviet Union with a gigantic cleanup problem.

The Waterless John

Every time a toilet is flushed, about five gallons of water sweep a pint of human waste into the sewage system. This prodigious waste of good water has long upset dedicated environmentalists. Indeed, after the invention of a pollution-free car, a better toilet system has been their No. 1 priority.

A new process quietly called Aqua Sans may be the answer. It was created by the Chrysler Corp. in response to a request by the U.S. Navy for an improved way to handle wastes aboard ships. "We didn't want anything to go overboard," says Ralph Loomis, project manager of Chrysler's waste treatment systems in Michoud, La. "We decided we had to have a closed-loop system."

MILESTONES

Easier said than done. The biggest hurdle, Loomis says, was to find a reusable flushing substance: "We needed an oil-like fluid that was lighter than water, that would be readily separable from water and that had a very low solubility for most components in human waste." The perfect product turned out to be very like one that was in the bathroom cabinet all along: mineral oil.

When the waterless john is flushed, this specially refined mineral oil and wastes go into a separator tank. There, urine and solids sink to the bottom, then are sent to a holding tank, where they are eventually burned in an almost pollution-free, 1200° F. incinerator that leaves a residue of sterile ash. The oil itself is filtered, chlorinated and returned odorless to the toilet tank to be used again. And again. Over a year, just 5% of the mineral oil is lost in the process.

Aqua Sans systems have been adapted to existing facilities in Mount Rushmore's visitor center, a New York tugboat and a naval barracks at Annapolis, Md. They work well. But right now Aqua Sans is too expensive to be widely used. Each flush costs .8¢ (v. .035¢ for a conventional toilet). Still, it fills a definite need in places with plenty of business but scant water supplies: for example, in desert gas stations or mountaintop rest rooms, and, of course, on ships.

Pet Pollution

Now that Americans have espoused planned parenthood, shouldn't their pets also? An article in the current *Science and Public Affairs*, a respected scientific magazine, asks that question in all seriousness. The answer is yes, according to the authors, Chemist Carl Djerassi, Veterinarian Wolfgang Jochle and Andrew Israel, a medical student. The first two are also top executives at Syntex, a firm that produces contraceptive pills.

The scientists reckon that there is a pet population explosion in the U.S. There already are as many as 110 million cats and dogs in America, which equals more than one dog or cat for every two humans. Every hour, between 2,000 and 3,500 puppies and kittens are born (v. 415 human babies). The authors make no Malthusian projections of a continent overrun with strays. They do, however, have a finely honed sense of the economics of pets.

Just to feed U.S. cats and dogs costs their owners some \$1.35 billion a year, say the authors. So much pet food is consumed (6 billion lbs. a year) that horse-meat supplies are running short. Private and public shelters destroy about 13.3 million dogs and cats a year—at a cost of almost \$100 million. In addition, at least \$50 million is spent yearly to control rabies and other pet-related health problems.

Then there are the environmental burdens. Every day, the authors estimate, America's dogs alone produce

3,500 tons of sidewalk- and lawn-fouling feces and 9.5 million gallons of urine. When the animals die, say the authors, "tons of dead animals are buried in city dumps, incinerated, or sent to rendering plants to be cooked, ground and used in fertilizer or cattle feed"—all at some large cost to society.

Clearly a decrease in America's pet population is called for, conclude Djerassi *et al.* But how to achieve it? The death rate is already astonishingly high in the U.S.—12% of all pets are put to death each year in private and public pounds. (By contrast, the British, who have, proportionately, about the same number of pets as Americans, destroy only 1.6% of their dogs and cats in such shelters.) Logically, the final solution is a lowering of the birth rate. This can



DOG-WALKING IN MANHATTAN
Make them sexless.

be done in a surprising number of ways, including ovariosterectomies, vasectomies and various as yet undeveloped contraceptive pills.

Many pet owners, however, are unwilling to interfere with their pets' sex lives, either because of the cost or because of what the authors call "psychological needs." They speculate that "many people regard their pets as family members and are horrified at the concept of 'taking sex away.' Some male owners may want their pets roaming and impregnating as an unconscious protest against the sexual restrictions society and morality impose on them."

In spite of such psychological hang-ups, there is an answer: sexless pets. While no experiments have yet been conducted with dogs and cats, the authors report that rats have been made asexual by testosterone and estrogen injections at birth. Sexless dogs and cats may be next. Pet owners can only hope that the new little sexless creatures will be warm and furry and loyal.

Born. To Hayley Mills, 26, former Disney movie moppet who grew into adult parts (*The Family Way*, *Twisted Nerve*), and Roy Boulting, 59, British film producer-director: their first child (Boulting's eighth), a son; in London.

Married. Nguyen Thi Tuan Anh, 19, only daughter of South Viet Nam's President Thieu; and Nguyen Tan Trieu, 28, son of the director general of Air Viet Nam, the national airline; both for the first time; in Saigon.

Died. Eugene L. Wyman, 48, Los Angeles attorney and Democratic leader whose political fund-raising skill brought millions into the campaign coffers of John and Robert Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey; of an apparent heart attack; in Beverly Hills, Calif. "I wish some new laws would put me out of this business," he once said. "It's a bad system. It's degrading. It's like begging. I do it because it has to be done."

Died. Clara Ward, 48, petite, thunder-voiced leader of the Ward Gospel Singers; of a stroke; in Los Angeles. A Philadelphia Baptist who began singing solos in black churches at the age of five, Ward formed her own group while still a teen-ager. They added choreography to their act and nightclub patrons to their audience, and became one of the most successful gospel groups of the '50s and '60s. To purists who criticized their cabaret appearances—and their lavender limousine—Ward responded: "We're just traveling the highways and hedges for the Lord."

Died. L.A. ("Al") Horowitz, 65, founder and former editor of *Chess Review* and three-time member of the U.S. chess championship team (1931, 1935, 1937); of an apparent heart attack; in Manhattan. A stockbroker who turned to chess to support himself during the Depression, Horowitz moved from coffeehouse matches to the rank of international master. Through his magazine, some 40 books and his New York *Times* column, he became one of the most widely read chess authorities.

Died. Sidney W. Souers, 80, director of the forerunner to the present Central Intelligence Agency; in St. Louis. A highly successful Missouri businessman and World War II Naval Intelligence expert, Souers was chosen by his old friend Harry Truman in 1946 to oversee creation of the Central Intelligence Group, the first peacetime espionage operation in U.S. history. The agency evolved into the CIA the following year, and Souers moved on to the White House to become the first executive secretary of the National Security Council.



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Haiti: New Island in the Sun

PASS Haiti by. That was the advice given to the passengers on the steamer *Medea* in Graham Greene's novel *The Comedians*. Until recently, that is exactly what most potential tourists did—and for good reason. Haiti was the stronghold of the tyrannical François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier. During his 14-year regime, thousands of Haitians were executed for real or imagined political opposition, and no one, including foreign tourists, could feel secure from harassment and arbitrary arrest.

Now all that seems to have changed. Papa Doc is dead, and the title of President for Life has passed to his son Jean-Claude, 21. Under the comparatively benign rule of "Baby Doc," the activities of the dread secret police known as the Tontons Macoutes (Creole for bogymen) have been curbed. The ostentatious display of military presence has been muted, although rifle-bearing police and militiamen can still be seen on the streets of Port-au-Prince, the capital. Even more important from the tourists' viewpoint Jean-Claude has extended a welcoming hand to foreign investors and visitors.

The foreigners are responding enthusiastically. Cruise ships that once sailed by have added Port-au-Prince to their itineraries. Airlines have increased international service from eight flights a week in 1966 to more than 60 a week. Last year more than 100,000 people visited Haiti, double the number only five years ago, and arrivals so far this year are at an alltime high.

No Paradise. Haiti bears little resemblance to the stereotyped Caribbean paradise. There is only one golf course, a modest nine-hole used mostly by diplomats and resident Americans. There are barely half a dozen overworked tennis courts. Gambling is confined to a rather dingy casino operated by an American named Mike McLaney.

Even the opportunities for such standard tropical pursuits as swimming and sunning are limited. Both Kyona and Ibo beaches—the only ones anywhere near the capital city—have limited facilities. In addition, they are a spine-snapping one-hour trip from Port-au-Prince over roads that are hopelessly rutted and potholed. In fact, Haiti's poor roads virtually confine all but the hardest tourists to the capital city and its environs.

But Haiti offers enticements of its own. Even in the rural areas close to Port-au-Prince, it is still the land of "mountains of very great size and beauty, vast plains, groves and very fruitful fields" that enchanted Columbus in 1492, when he landed on the island he called *Española*. In Haiti's unpolluted air, sunsets are breathtaking, night skies

are spectacular, and colors so vivid that they have inspired Haitians to become a nation of artists. There are more mundane attractions. Five days in a comfortable Port-au-Prince hotel can cost as little as \$125, including breakfasts and dinners—far less than in the more familiar Caribbean isles. Another lure is the quick divorce: Haitian courts issue divorce decrees in less than 48 hours.

What new visitors find most compelling about Haiti, however, are the Haitians themselves. Their culture, deeply rooted in the African past and leavened by 18th century French colonial rule, is unique in the Western Hemisphere. From the faces of its people to the unofficial national religion of voodoo, from the ox-drawn carts and brightly painted buses to the folk arts and cacophonous marketplaces, Haiti is



reminiscent of West Africa, the former slave coast that is the ancestral homeland of most of its inhabitants.

The Haitian way of life has persisted almost unchanged since the slaves revolted, expelled the French and founded the New World's first black independent nation in 1804. Few countries in the colonial era were willing to deal with a country established on the dead bodies of former slave masters; in recent years the unsavory nature of the Haitian government has tended to keep that isolation intact. As a result, Haiti is a country that has turned in on itself and had little commerce with other nations, one reason for its dismal economic status (annual per capita income: \$80).

Laughter. From the moment visitors step off the plane and pass through the customs checkpoint in the new expanded Port-au-Prince airport, they are assaulted by the sights and sounds of Haiti. Driving toward the city, they pass dilapidated thatched-roof shacks. Peasants crowd the roads, balancing on their

heads the flowers or fruit, tin cans or huge straw baskets they hope to sell in the marketplace.

There is also a sound on the city streets that to most urban Americans is unfamiliar: laughter. For although Haitians have lived for almost two centuries with poverty, political turmoil, tyranny and foreign occupation (by the U.S. Marines from 1915 to 1934), they seem to have come through it all with their cheerfulness and self-respect almost miraculously intact.

Whatever the reason, Haiti's 5,000,000 people—unlike those in some of the other Caribbean isles—demonstrate no hostility or arrogance, but only a friendly curiosity toward visitors. Certainly they are not in awe of *blancs*.

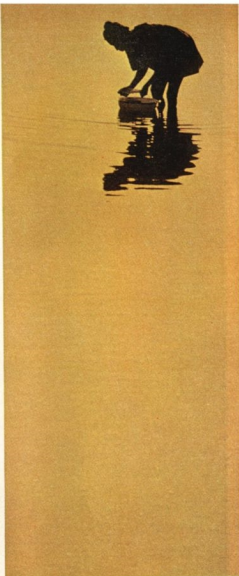
The hospitality of Haitians has apparently rubbed off on some of the expatriate innkeepers who have settled in Port-au-Prince. At the gingerbread-



BABY DOC BEING SWORN IN
Rooted in Africa.

style Grand Hotel Oloffson, for example, owner Al Seitz, a native of Connecticut, is reluctant to add more rooms to his charming anachronism because "if it got too big I would lose personal contact with the guests." But the stay at the Oloffson is worth it if only to meet Columnist Aubelin Jolicoeur, Haiti's unofficial ambassador of good will, who drops by with a diverting account of the past week's goings on. Equally solicitous are Proprietors Georges and Gerty Heraux of the Sans Souci, who sometimes put up last-minute guests in their own home if no room is available at the hotel. Despite the construction noise, the same hospitality is evident at Habitation Leclerc, a new \$1.5 million resort complex being built on a Port-au-Prince hillside by Olivier Coquelin, owner of Manhattan's Hippopotamus discotheque. Hans von Meiss-Teffen, manager of the resort, will often meet guests at the airport, take them on tours

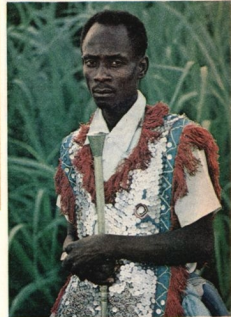
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY ERIC WEDLA



DURT GLINN



THE FACES OF HAITI (clockwise from top left): Flower picker in Kenscoff on way to market; launderer in midstream; artist at easel; for Post-Carnival, "ra-ra man" wears silver sequin tunic; natives coated in clay to represent spirits of the dead; money changer holds bills in mouth; fruit seller shows her wares at Iron Market.



ANTHONY J. GILLES



"Empress Odelina."



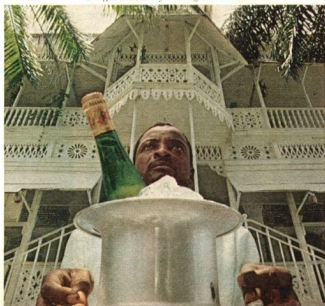
Duffaut's "Imaginary City."



Tree pattern by Ismeus.



Voodoo priests consecrate Haiti's newest hotel, Habitation Gingerbread-style Oloffson Hotel.





*Leclerc, in ceremony around religious symbols drawn on ground.
Bedroom at Habitation Leclerc.*



Benoit's "Marriage of Interest."



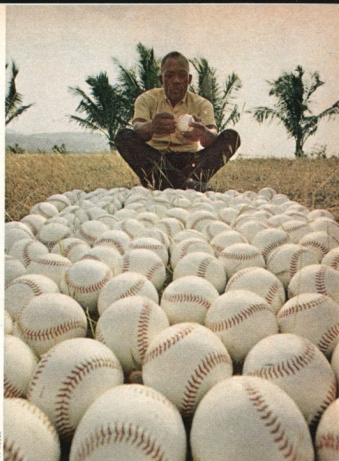
Detail from "High Society Ball."



"Spring" by Benoit.



Tin-can collector in Port-au-Prince.



Jules Tomar displays major Haitian export.

Travelers crowding onto colorfully painted bus, called Tap-Tap by Haitians because engines invariably knock.



of the capital and order up special meals from his kitchen.

Many of Haiti's scarce hotel rooms (only 1,040) are located in Pétionville, a relatively posh and attractive Port-au-Prince suburb on the side of a steep mountain. Some of the most luxurious are in the El Rancho Hotel, which has four \$150-a-day suites complete with electrically powered draperies, mahogany furniture, and maroon marble bathtubs with rather delicate plumbing. (One of the establishment's few drawbacks: incessant music by the pool.) Pétionville is also the site of most of Haiti's elegant night life. Among the restaurants are La Lanterne, known for its shrimp soup with brandy, *pâté maison* and red snapper, and Chez Gerard, another French restaurant that may well be Haiti's best.

Drums. Another nighttime activity sought out by most tourists is a voodoo ceremony. For a small fee they are invited to witness frenzied drumming and dancing, the inscription of strange patterns in the ground, and often the sacrifice of a chicken. What they usually see is a pale imitation of authentic rites. The actual rituals in which the Haitians invoke their *loas* (gods) take place far off in the hills in the dark of night. The drums sometimes heard during the day are simply beating cadences for *combes*, or cooperative work teams.

Travel in Haiti is always exciting, if not comfortable. Most Haitians, both in urban and rural areas, travel in "tap-taps," pickup trucks with bench-equipped wooden cabins built onto them. Each bus is gaily painted in many colors and designs, and each has a flamboyant name (for example, "The Scorn of Woman," "The Miracle" and "The Wrath of God") that signifies to Haitians that the bus plays a neighborhood route, for example, or has a downtown destination. All Haitian vehicles race wildly along streets and roads crowded with pedestrians, their horns honking incessantly. Miraculously, the accident rate is low.

For the tourist, the best form of transportation is the chauffeured car, which can be hired for \$3 an hour or \$20 a day. Those with license plates beginning with the letter L generally have drivers who speak some English—a great help to American tourists in a country where 80% of the population speak only Creole, a French-based language that Parisians nonetheless find incomprehensible.

Unlike the grim days under Papa Doc, tourists no longer need military passes to travel in the vicinity of Port-au-Prince. On the way to the beaches, visitors and Haitians alike must stop at an army checkpoint—a hangover from the days when Haiti feared invasions from everywhere. The guard, however, merely asks their destination and then waves the car on.

Perhaps the most spectacular of the limited rural tours is the trip up the mountain road from Port-au-Prince to

Kenscoff, about 13 miles away. The terraced farms clinging to steep mountainsides, the brilliant foliage and even the boys along the road who toss flowers into passing cars (in the hope that motorists will stop and buy more) all contribute to a scene of rare beauty. At Kenscoff, the bright colors of the wares in the huge, open, hillside market, as well as an occasional cockfight, provide other sights rarely seen by Americans. The marketplace is sometimes enlivened by a "ra-ra," a spontaneous celebration that frequently occurs in the spring when people don colorful costumes and engage in impromptu jam sessions with "vaccins"—flutelike instruments made from bamboo. One other side trip—to Cap-Haïtien on the northern coast—is almost worth traversing the particularly bad roads or risking the frequently canceled air trip. Once there, tourists can take a two-hour horseback ride up La Ferrière mountain to visit the ruins of the Citadelle, a huge stone fortress built by one of Haiti's liberators, Henri Christophe, to ward off an invasion that never came.

Baseballs. Actually, there are enough attractions within Port-au-Prince to occupy tourists for the good part of a week. In the well-to-do Lyles district, there are the remarkable Victorian gingerbread houses, with intricately carved balustrades and spires, that are now commanding Stateside real estate prices. At the Iron Market, beneath a twin-spired iron roof, hundreds of Haitian entrepreneurs haggle with tourists over the price of wood carvings, sisal mats, dolls and hundreds of other products displayed in crowded stalls. There is the formal city hall, outlined at night with strings of glowing light bulbs, and the National Palace, which is guarded during holidays by light anti-aircraft guns. Everywhere the streets in the overcrowded city teem with people, many of them politely but persistently hawking goods or guide services to any tourist in sight. Port-au-Prince also has more than its share of slums, which bear elegant names like Bel Air, Poste Marchand and Leclerc but often have open sewage ditches running through them.

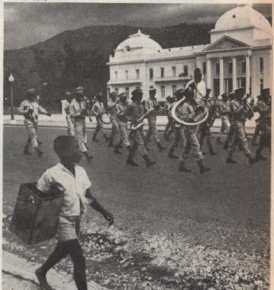
The slums are swelling as peasants flock to the cities in search of the \$1-a-day wage required by Haitian law. Many of the jobs they find are in small assembly plants, which contract with foreign firms for the cheap labor of Haitian workers. In one plant, 3.7 million Rawlings baseballs are stitched together every year for export to the U.S. Explains Owner Jules Tomar: "Baseball sewing is a nonexistent art in the U.S." But even these jobs are few and far between; at least one-third of the Haitian population is unemployed.

A little of that slack is being taken up by the popularity of Haitian art. One form is uniquely Haitian. Unlike other islanders in the Caribbean, Haitians do not use oil drums as instruments for steel bands. Instead they flatten the drums and cut them into graceful, imagi-

native steel sculpture. Pieces by Murat Briere usually sell for about \$300. But it is the primitive Haitian painting (much of it now mass produced and second-rate) that has largely captured the imagination—and the dollars—of tourists. The bold, brilliant-hued Haitian art is displayed and sold everywhere: in a proliferating number of galleries throughout Port-au-Prince and its suburbs, in restaurants and hotel lobbies, and in the homes of prominent Haitians.

The works of such increasingly sophisticated artists as Rigaud Benoit, André Normil and Préfète Duffaut are already selling at hundreds and even thousands of dollars. But bargains can still be had if tourists are willing to search out true primitives like St. Pierre, who works as a caretaker at a large

GEORGE DOWE



BAND AT NATIONAL PALACE
Beauty and quick divorces.

home on the road to Kenscoff and paints in his spare time. He sells his characteristic bird-and-leaf designs for as little as \$10.

Although Haiti is an exotic and unique vacation land, there are signs of change. Outside money, particularly in tourist-related businesses such as hotelbuilding, is coming into the country at the rate of \$60 million a year. In the most ambitious of the new projects, the island of Tortuga, off the northern coast, is being developed into a resort that will include 13 hotels, condominiums, private homes and a large airport. There are also a number of heady proposals to build expensive new roads to Haiti's south-shore beaches, which are as beautiful as any in the Caribbean but still practically inaccessible. As the tourists and the money begin to flow in, they raise the specters of commercialism and exploitation in a land that may not yet be ready for them. They also raise a haunting question: How long can Haiti remain unspoiled?

Who Painted What?

METROPOLITAN REATTRIBUTES 300 PAINTINGS proclaimed the headline in the New York Times, and the text went on to add that the changes affected 15% of the museum's European collection.

A scandal? Well, not really, although the Met is under heavy attack for the seemingly high-handed procedures of Director Thomas Hoving in selling off various esteemed pictures without the consent of the curators involved (TIME Oct. 16). In this case, the reassessment is largely the result of the keen eye and energetic investigations of a young curator for European paintings, Everett Fahy, 31, whom Hoving brought in three years ago. Many European paintings had to be moved to new galleries to make room for Henry Geldzahler's 1970 show of New York painting and sculpture, and the transfers gave Fahy and other curators an opportunity to re-examine the paintings and rewrite the labels. The result was a tale of artistic detective work, and an

object lesson in how fragile and mysterious is the expertise that separates a supposed masterpiece from a craftsmanlike job or even a forgery.

Some of the corrections were easy. For instance, the Met examiners found on Ingres' *Odalisque en Grisaille* a monogram enclosed in a circle, which Ingres' student Armand Cambon used to sign his works. X rays made by Hubert von Sonnenburg, the museum's restorer, revealed that there was no underpainting or preliminary sketches in the Velázquez portrait of Philip IV, so Met experts concluded it was probably a copy, since most great artists sketch in some tentative ideas before they produce the completed work.

Some of the reattributions were, in fact, long overdue. Everybody knew that Hubert van Eyck was a carver and maker of frames. So the two wings of a triptych attributed to him could not possibly be his, but presumably were the early work of his young brother Jan.

Finally, the question of authenticity often comes down to aesthetic sensibility. Take *A City on a Rock*, long assigned to Goya. Says Fahy: "Every time Goya put his palette knife to a painting, he knew what he was doing. There are no waste strokes. In *A City on a Rock* everything just falls apart." As a result, Fahy concluded that the picture was not by Goya but by Eugenio Lucas, a 19th century imitator. Or in the case of Rembrandt's long-admired *Old Woman Cutting Her Nails*, says John Walsh, a curator in the European painting department at the Met: "Scholars say there is a real weakness in the structure and technique of painting in the work. The hand is not very well executed, and there are whole areas which are not as firmly painted as in his authentic works."

Not all the reattributions were a downgrading. Restudying

a landscape attributed to a minor Dutch artist, Allart van Everdingen, Fahy's experts concluded that it was painted by Jacob van Ruisdael, one of the great landscapists of all time, thereby increasing its assessed value at least tenfold. The experts decided that a nativity "attributed to the Florentine school" had been painted by Giotto himself.

Time Lag. Outright forgeries can usually be detected by chemical analysis (use of pigments that had not been invented at the time of the original painting, electronic dating of the wood or canvas or clay). But even the most careful scholarship is uncertain. Says Horst W. Janson, chairman of the department of fine arts at New York University: "Nothing can be taken for granted. There is no such thing as the final word. What you read on a label in a museum hardly ever reflects the latest state of scholarship—there is an inevitable time lag, in part not to offend donors, in part not to disillusion the public." Largely, when it is a question of whether something was produced by the master himself or by a member of his workshop (and many old masters maintained extensive workshops), the eyeball alone is still decisive. Bernard Berenson freely changed his attributions. In her reminiscences of B.B., his longtime librarian Nicky Mariano remembers how he would view a canvas years after the first inspection and reverse himself. "What of it?" he would say. "I have learned to see more clearly, and that alone is important."

The game of attribution can involve big money. When the collection of Texas Oil Millionaire Algur Hurtle Meadows was declared largely a collection of fakes by the Art Dealers Association of America, Meadows' investment, valued at \$5,000,000, depreciated overnight into a collection of junk. The Met's own famed Etruscan warriors, proudly exhibited for 28 years, were relegated to the basement when it was discovered that they were skillful forgeries produced by a Roman tailor back in 1914.

A Mrs. Mary Lake sold a portrait of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, and got \$325 for it from Parke-Bernet. Later, experts certified it a Raphael, and Mrs. Lake sued the buyer, claiming the painting was now worth \$12 million, and that she had been deceived by earlier "experts" who said it was a painting by an unknown member of the Italian school.

From \$325 to \$12 million? The contrast is staggering. The Met's reattributions are not quite of that order, involving more whether to attribute paintings to workshop rather than to master. As Sherman E. Lee, the director of Cleveland's Museum of Art, emphasizes, who painted the picture is not the point. The point is the picture. Says he: "The whole problem of attribution is, fortunately or unfortunately, that it is tied to a value in money. This gets mixed in with the art, and people stop looking at the pictures and look at the labels."

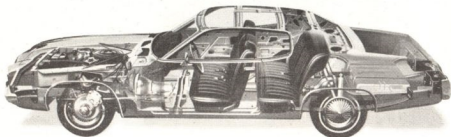
MET CURATOR FAHY WITH "OLD WOMAN"

"A CITY ON A ROCK"



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on all its cars built in this country. It helps give you longer battery life and it has reduced customer-paid replacement of voltage regulators by more than 90%.

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PHASE III

That Championship Season

As he put the finishing touches on his annual budget and economic messages to Congress, which will be delivered next week, Richard Nixon must have felt something like a coach enjoying his championship season. Behind him lay a period of successful stimulation that produced ever more ebullient reports on the economy's boom. Last week alone the Government estimated that the gross national product bounded ahead in the last quarter of 1972* for a "real" gain of 8½% at an

ers not to regard the Nixonian step away from controls as the opportunity to make giant leaps in prices. For one thing, even the most recent decisions of the old Price Commission and Pay Board continue to be binding. Also, both Chairman Herbert Stein of the Council of Economic Advisers and Treasury Secretary George Shultz stressed that Phase III was made deliberately ambiguous—to keep wage and price decision makers in line by making them guess where the line is. Another White House

regulations provide for price increases "necessary for efficient allocation of resources" but say nothing about letting companies increase their profit margins by using the same excuse. Lumbermen last week were still confused by the rules; how well their problems are resolved will tell a lot about whether the program is actually as flexible as it seems.

The first big labor test of Phase III will come this month and in February, when union contracts for some 87,000 New York and New Jersey garment workers expire. The results of labor negotiations early in the new controls period could set important precedents for the heavy bargaining calendar later in the year, when agreements covering



"Now Would You Please Hold Still While I Tame Your Brother?"

annual rate, and Detroit automakers reported that they sold more new cars during the first ten days of January than during any similar period since 1966. Ahead lay Nixon's best opportunity yet to shape the economy—and through it, many of the nation's social priorities—along the laissez-faire lines that he has long supported. The President had already begun to move away from controls with a fairly relaxed Phase III. Now he could cut back on federal spending that he deems wasteful, and perhaps could even uproot Washington's New Deal-era farm policy.

The only discordant note was the possibility of a new round of inflation. Fearing just that, investors sent the Dow Jones industrial average down 25 points in the six trading sessions after Phase III was detailed; last week the Dow Jones closed at 1026. Many economists inched up their 1973 inflation forecasts from about 3½% to perhaps 3¾%.

Yet the President's closest advisers warned businessmen and labor lead-

ers promised that surveillance of big corporations and unions will remain rigorous. The COLC, he said, will be looking for "the patsy"—some conspicuous Phase III violator to crack down on hard.

Coveting no such distinction, General Motors chiefs temporarily canceled a \$107 per-car price increase that had been pending before the now-defunct Price Commission. On the other hand, Alcoa decided to risk raising its prices on some products. Aluminum price rises have been expected because of a jump in demand, and the company apparently relied on that fact to shield it against federal displeasure.

Big Test. A crucial proving ground for Phase III will be the lumber industry, which has lately been buzz-sawed into chaos by rising demand and falling supplies. Industry leaders complain that they have been prevented from keeping up with demand because, among other things, too many firms had hit their Phase II ceilings on profit margins and thus could not legally enjoy the higher profit rates that frequently come with expanded sales. Phase III

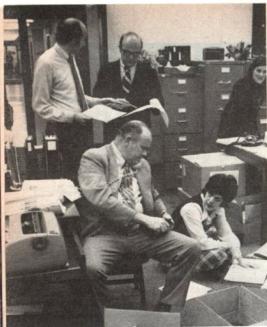


"Ah Sir—You Forgot Your Stamps..."

rubber, electrical, trucking, auto and post office workers come up for renewal. AFL-CIO President George Meany, who stomped off the Phase II Pay Board in 1972 but agreed to serve on the Phase III advisory committee, evidently believes that his unions should disregard remaining federal guidelines and bargain for whatever they can reasonably get. Autoworkers Chief Leonard Woodcock demanded that new auto contracts contain "reopener clauses" that would allow the union to renegotiate its forthcoming 1973 contract should any part of it be nullified in a subsequent change of rules.

Still another source of worry was the nation's money supply, which in December jumped at an annual rate of 15.8%—a pace that, if it continued, would certainly rekindle inflation. The effect on money growth for all of 1972 (8.2%) especially alarmed the monetarist economists, who forecast long-range trends largely on the basis of such cash and credit availability. Somewhat belatedly, the Federal Reserve has slowed the growth of money, striving for an annual pace of increase close to 6%. It

*Preliminary figures for the entire year: 6.5% "real" growth and 3% inflation, raising the total G.N.P. to \$1,152 billion.



COST OF LIVING COUNCIL OFFICES
Deliberately ambiguous.

also has raised the interest rate on money that it lends to banks. Fed officials realize that banks will respond by raising commercial lending rates, especially short-term ones. The prime rate is expected to go up to 6 1/4%.

The Administration is confident that it can help the inflation fight by throttling the spending power of the federal bureaucracy. Nixon has already imposed a freeze in federal housing subsidies for the poor and middle-income earners, has chopped federal aid to education and is expected to scale down grants for the manpower training and Model Cities.

One hitherto sacrosanct spending item being eyed by budget cutters is the farm subsidy program, which this fiscal year will cost taxpayers about \$3.5 billion. Above and beyond the important Phase III farm measures, which were designed to hold down retail grain and meat prices by freeing more land for wheat planting and cattle grazing, the Administration's farm-policy makers may try to junk the ancient parity system. For reasons few living Congressmen can remember, parity ties the level of Government support prices to a scale based on farm prices back in 1910-14. No less a friend to farming than Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz has pledged that the "great challenge" in his second term will be "to get the Government out of Agriculture."

The President could not help being pleased with the results so far of the economic initiative that he began back in August of 1971. Yet in the best tradition of silver-cup coaches, he left some of the best matches for the end of the season and scheduled at least a few away from home—in Congress, in the suddenly freer and perhaps more inflation-prone markets of the nation, and possibly even down on the farm.

BRITAIN

Heath's Stage II

If imitation is implied flattery, Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath must be one of President Nixon's most avid boosters. Conservative Heath, like Nixon, is a firm believer in free markets, and ordinarily would no more care to impose economic controls than offer a Cabinet post to a member of the I.R.A. Yet in trying to fight one of Europe's most destructive price spirals, Heath borrowed openly from the President and last Nov. 6 imposed a freeze on British prices and wages. Until then Britain's inflation had been roaring along at an annual rate of 8.5%. Last week the Prime Minister announced at an unusual "presidential-style" press conference that the freeze would be followed by a program of "Stage II" controls on wages, prices, profits and dividends, supervised by a pay board and price commission. If Parliament approves as expected, these will be the major controls:

WAGES. Beginning March 31, wage increases will be limited to an average 7 1/4% a year, or roughly half of what they were before the freeze. Individual workers who organize strikes for settlements above the limits risk fines of up to \$1,000 in lower courts.

PRICES. Britain will introduce a 10% value-added tax on most goods and services beginning April 1, and that national sales levy will kick living costs even higher. Because the government does not want businessmen to raise prices beyond the amount needed for the tax, prices will remain frozen until at least the end of April. After that, increases will be permitted only to cover "unavoidable cost increases." Though no specific guidelines will be created, companies will have to prove that their price rises stem from increasing import costs or pay raises.

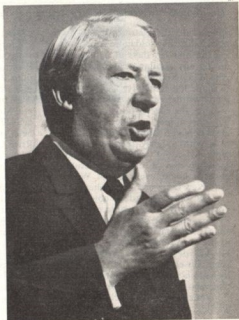
PROFITS. Profit margins will be held to the average of the best two of a company's last five years, and increases in dividends will not be permitted to exceed 5%.

Heath faces a much tougher task than President Nixon did in cooling inflation. While most managers backed Heath's latest effort, the Trades Union Congress was quick to attack the price controls as being too weak. Unionists charged that loosely controlled prices would continue to race ahead of their firmly regulated wages. The T.U.C. also voted not to cooperate with either of the new control boards, but stopped short of saying that it would openly oppose them. Without even grudging labor

support, the success of any controls program is unlikely.

British consumers are far from happy with the results of the government's policy so far. The annual rate of inflation has been reduced to about 6% during the freeze, but raw food prices have been uncontrolled and are rising rapidly. Because 47% of Britain's farm produce is imported, the government is limited in how much it can control. Since the freeze began, a ramp of beef has jumped from \$1.63 per lb. to about \$2.18. The price of imported wheat has more than doubled in the past year. On top of this, the country's trade deficit is the biggest since World War II. Sterling has dropped a full 10% in value since it started floating last June; the pound is now worth \$2.35. The debasing of the currency is a consequence of the drift that has beset the country since World War II, leaving many of its business leaders defensive and many of its class-conscious workers apathetic, bitter and eager for more pay than their production is worth.

Unless Britain can stop its inflation, the pound's value will drop further in world markets. This could well lead to a string of devaluations by other countries, blunting some advantages that American exporters gained in the last international currency realignment. Yet the deep-rooted obstacles facing Heath and Britain were starkly and ironically underscored last week. After issuing its White Paper outlining the new controls program, the British Treasury was forced to announce that no copies would be on sale in London's official government bookshop. The civil servants who man the shop were on strike.



PRIME MINISTER EDWARD HEATH
A presidential approach.

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It's simple, just aim and shoot. The Honeywell Auto/Strobonar 110 gives you perfectly exposed pictures from 2'-11'; *automatically*.

It's fast, which means no blurred pictures no matter how fast the action. And you can take pictures every 6 to 8 seconds...almost as quickly as you wind the film and focus. No more fumbling with a pocketful of flash bulbs.

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It works for daylight photos, as well as indoors and nighttime. Many photographers use electronic flash to soften harsh shadows.

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It's reliable, you never have to worry about whether or not it will flash. You can spend your time composing and fire when the ready light goes on.

It's one of more than 20 models that make up the world's most complete line of electronic flash equipment with prices starting under

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Stop in today at your nearest photo dealer and see the amazing new Honeywell Auto/Strobonar 110. Or write us for a **FREE** booklet that tells you everything you ever wanted to know about electronic flash told in simple everyday language. Just write Honeywell Photographic, Dept. 103-114, P.O. Box 22083, Denver, Colorado 80222.

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For him a car can cost more than a whole year's salary. And a lemon would be a financial disaster.

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And one of the Fiats they buy most is the Fiat 128.

This choice is not based solely on how much it costs. There are 27 other small family cars in Europe that cost approximately the same as the Fiat 128. (Volkswagens, Renaults, Toyotas, and Datsuns, to name a few.)

Nor is it based solely on how strong the Fiat is built or how long it will last.

The simple fact is that the Fiat 128—whether it's the 2-door or the 4-door or the station wagon—has an

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It has front-wheel drive. It has self-adjusting front disc brakes. It has rack-and-pinion steering. And it has radial tires as standard equipment.

Furthermore, it has an extraordinary amount of room for people. More room than an Oldsmobile Cutlass—despite the fact that it's 8.8 inches shorter than a Volkswagen Super Beetle.

Now, if you've been looking around for a small European-type car, it would pay you to take a look at the Fiat 128.

For you, getting your money's worth in a car may not be a

financial necessity. But it would be a nice thing.

WHAT THE AVERAGE EUROPEAN MAKES A YEAR.

AUSTRIA.....	\$1,466
BELGIUM.....	\$2,372
DENMARK.....	\$2,702
FINLAND.....	\$1,700
FRANCE.....	\$2,783
GREECE.....	\$811
ITALY.....	\$1,525
LUXEMBOURG.....	\$2,210
NETHERLANDS.....	\$1,797
NORWAY.....	\$1,933
PORTUGAL.....	\$423
SPAIN.....	\$818
SWEDEN.....	\$3,553
SWITZERLAND.....	\$2,020
W. GERMANY.....	\$2,520

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.



DISCRIMINATION

Goals That Look Like Quotas

THE Government took two jolting steps last week to eliminate discriminatory hiring and promotion practices in business. In one case, American Telephone and Telegraph Co. agreed to pay \$38 million in back pay and raises to thousands of women, blacks and other employees who were discriminated against. The Labor Department also ordered Bethlehem Steel Corp. to improve its job opportunities for blacks by revising its seniority system, an area usually regarded as a key preserve of management and unions. The moves, the farthest-reaching the Government has yet taken to root out bias in business, sent a chill of concern through managements across the U.S.

Most major employers immediately began uncertainly assessing their programs for improving job prospects for women and minority workers lest the Government step in. Notes one high Midwestern executive: "Our firm is vulnerable—hell, everyone is."

Back Pay. Because A T & T must get the approval of the Federal Communications Commission for rate increases, the company is especially vulnerable to Government prodding. Most of its workers are women, and they have almost always been hired for low-paying jobs as operators or clerks and given little chance for advancement. In a pact with the Labor Department and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, A T & T agreed to make a record one-time payment of \$15 million in back wages to employees whose incomes have been held down because of job discrimination. The back pay will go to 13,000 women and 2,000 minority men employees who, A T & T agreed under Government pressure, have been arbitrarily assigned to low-paying jobs. This "delayed restitution" sets a major precedent: it will be given even to workers who never sought promotions because they believed that company policy automatically banned them. The one-time payment will be made under various plans. For example, \$7.5 million of the restitution money will be given to 3,000 women now in craft jobs like phone installers and cable splicers because initially they received less pay than men doing identical work.

In addition, A T & T agreed to improve employment conditions for 36,000 minority and women workers by increasing wages and stepping up their promotions. This part of the pact will cost the company another \$23 million. Under a new hiring policy, the company will try to hire enough men to



TELEPHONE INSTALLER-REPAIR WOMAN

make up 10% of the operators' force and 25% of the clerical staff. As part of the agreement, the EEOC will withdraw its discrimination charges against the company before the FCC.

The Labor Department also ordered Bethlehem Steel to revamp seniority rules at its big mill in Sparrows Point, Md. These rules have kept most blacks in relatively menial jobs. If a black managed to get a transfer to a better job, he had to give up the seniority rights he had built up over the years and risk being among the first fired in a layoff. The Government order demands that workers, black and white, be allowed to transfer to other departments and keep all their seniority rights. Those seeking transfers, however, must meet rudimentary requirements showing that they are capable of learning how to do the higher-paying work.

Workers who can qualify must be considered for such posts on the basis of their overall time with the plant, even if it means bumping an employee in a predominantly white department who is in line for the job but has fewer years of seniority. Local United Steel Workers Chief Edward E. Plato termed the order "discrimination in reverse." Outgoing Labor Secretary James Hodgson asserts that the company must either comply or face the loss of its Government business.

Though most businessmen agree that flagrant discrimination must be eliminated, the Government's actions,



OPERATORS IN NEW LONDON, CONN.

especially in imposing extremely precise "hiring goals" on A T & T, smack of enforced quotas, which the majority of managers vigorously oppose. Their misgivings were in no way eased by William H. Brown, chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, who said that he hopes the A T & T agreement will serve as a model for future Government negotiations with business.

DEFENSE CONTRACTS

Flying Before Buying

The scandalous cost overruns in defense contracts largely have been due to a Pentagon system called Total Package Procurement, or TPP, which was started by former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. TPP contractors did not have to build prototypes, and they were allowed to kick up prices if they were hit by inflation or unforeseen technical problems. Result: foxy contractors "bought in" to contracts by deliberately underbidding, then collected huge overruns as costs soared.

After long urging by former Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard, the Pentagon is now moving to a fixed-price "fly-before-you-buy" system. In the first award in years under this system, Fairchild Industries' Republic Division, based on Long Island, was picked last week to produce the A-10 combat support plane. Fairchild landed the contract only after it agreed to hold prices to \$1.4 million per plane and its prototype won a "fly-off" against a plane made by California's Northrop Corp. If the A-10 continues to please the Air Force after the first 58 planes are delivered by 1975, the order could rise to 720 planes, creating more than \$1 billion in revenues for Fairchild and some 4,500 jobs for the depressed aerospace industry of Long Island.

CORPORATIONS

Trying to Hammer a Deal

SIX times in the past six months, a grandfatherly, supremely confident executive has swooped into Moscow aboard his private Gulfstream jet for talks with the highest Soviet trade officials. This week Armand Hammer, the 74-year-old chairman of Los Angeles' Occidental Petroleum, is scheduled to fly there again, with bright hopes of finally signing a major East-West trade deal. It would be an arrangement for Occidental to ship up to 1,000,000 tons of fertilizer per year to the Soviet Union in exchange for urea and ammonia that the company would sell in the U.S. That, Hammer predicts, would lead to a whole series of metal, gas and construction deals with the U.S.S.R. that could run into billions of dollars. He told *TIME* Correspondent Patricia Delaney that he expects to sign the Soviets to contracts for all these transactions this year.

If Hammer succeeds, he will give a spectacular push to the movement to build greater trade between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. In particular, his version of a plan to import vast quantities of Siberian gas may eventually help relieve the American energy shortage. But a growing legion of skeptics among investment analysts and fellow businessmen will be astonished if Hammer can come back with any major agreement—and even more surprised if he can arrange the financing to carry out his part of a big deal. They note that Occidental, one of the growth wonders of the 1960s, already carries a load of almost \$900 million in long-term debt, and has been forced by a deep profit slump to suspend dividends on its common stock for the past year. In their view, Hammer is trying to pull a rabbit out of an astrakhan hat in order to revive his company's fortunes.

Hammer's expeditions have been surrounded by the most extensive pub-

licity to attend any talks between the Soviets and a U.S. businessman in years, no small amount of it generated by Hammer himself. In the West, he has given glowing descriptions of his negotiations; in Moscow, his aides have telephoned American newsmen with breathless accounts of his progress. His Soviet trips have won extremely rare recognition in *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, favorable editorials in the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, and a pair of red-white-and-blue enamel cuff links presented by President Nixon.

To date, though, even Hammer claims only one hard deal: an agreement to barter \$40 million worth of U.S. machinery for Soviet nickel over the next five years. That works out to a not overly impressive \$8,000,000 a year. The only exchange that he has already concluded involved neither money nor commercial products but art works. He donated a Goya portrait to the Hermitage museum in Leningrad and received in return an abstract painting by Kasimir Malevich, whose work is in such deep disfavor among Soviet officials that it has not been exhibited in more than 40 years.

Food for Furs. Still, it would be grossly premature to count Hammer out, if only because his history of friendly dealings with Soviet authorities goes back half a century. The son of a Russian émigré, Hammer was educated at Columbia as a doctor but never practiced medicine; even as a student he spent most of his time helping to run his family's profitable drug-wholesaling business. He went to Russia in the 1920s, intending to set up a field hospital. But he quickly realized that the Russians needed food more than medicine and arranged to import grain from the U.S. in exchange for Soviet furs, hides and caviar. His success won him

an introduction to Lenin, who granted the young American a pencil-manufacturing concession. In 1930, after the climate for Western capitalists had turned increasingly cold, he sold off his thinning enterprises to the Soviet government and left the country with a fortune in czarist art treasures that he had bought with his profits.

Back in the U.S., Hammer went on to make more millions manufacturing beer barrels, distilling whisky and raising cattle. In 1956 he retired to California but got restless; the next year he bought control of Occidental, then a company with sales of only \$274,000. Through a combination of luck, brass and shrewd management, he had built the company by 1970 into a behemoth earning \$175 million on sales of more than \$2 billion. Major factors in the rise: oil strikes in California and above all in Libya (one on land that Mobil Oil had abandoned because it produced nothing but dry holes) along with diversification by acquisitions into fertilizers, coal and chemicals.

Troubled Time. In the past two years Occidental has fallen into trouble. Production in Libya, the backbone of its operations, has been on a roller coaster and has never reached the million-barrels-a-day level that Hammer once forecast. The Libyan government ordered it cut from a high of 800,000 bbl. daily early in 1970 to 320,000 bbl. now. The revolutionary government of Colonel Muammar Gaddafi has been distressed by charges cited in a lawsuit filed in the U.S. that Occidental had won its concessions partly by funneling money to officials of deposed King Idris, one a former minister who is now in jail. In 1971 Occidental lost \$88 million on a mistimed tanker charter venture: it chartered a fleet of tankers when rates were rising sharply, then found that it did not need so many and was stuck with high-priced ships as rates collapsed. The company has since renegotiated many of the charter contracts. Angry shipowners charge that the company got them to agree to lower rates by unilaterally canceling the old charters. Hammer replies that the renegotiation was "amicable" and that "there has been no litigation."

Overall, the company reported a loss of \$67 million for 1971, and in the first nine months of last year it did little better than break even; operating profit was \$10.7 million, but currency-exchange losses reduced net to \$764,000. Prospects are looking better now. Oil demand is booming in Europe, the company's prime market. Occidental has made new oil discoveries in Nigeria and Peru, and last week a consortium that it heads brought in its first well in the North Sea—a promising development, although the potential cannot now be accurately assessed. On the other hand, the Libyan government is moving to acquire 50% of all Western oil interests in the country, an action that would hurt Occidental badly.

SOVIET CULTURE CHIEF YEKATERINA FURTSEVA & HAMMER (CENTER) IN HERMITAGE



Hammer promises that the company will report a profit for 1972, though he refuses to even estimate how large. But Occidental's stock has dropped from a high of 55 in mid-1968 to 12 1/2 last week. Market analysts worry, among other things, about what will happen when the septuagenarian Hammer eventually leaves the scene. The company has gone through two presidents and a number of vice presidents in the past four years, and no clear successor seems ready to take over from Hammer, a boss who sometimes insists on deciding the most minute details. Clearly, Occidental could use a spectacular coup like its Libyan discoveries—and what is more natural than that Hammer should seek it in the Soviet Union, scene of his first youthful triumphs?

Bravura Act. In negotiating with the Soviets, Hammer has shown all of his drive, determination and actor's ability to cry or laugh as the occasion seems to demand. He gave a particularly bravura performance during a series of July conferences in which he was determined to get Soviet signatures on some kind of official document. He reminded Soviet officials of the way he had made a fortune in their country in the 1920s, saying: "I have a great debt to the Russian people, and though I am an old man with not many years left, I will pay it." Topping all, Hammer claimed that Lenin had died looking at a present from him. When the flabbergasted Soviets asked how he could possibly know that, Hammer blandly replied that Lenin had died at his desk, on which there was only one object: a bronze statue, given by Hammer, depicting a monkey sitting on a book by Darwin and gazing at a skull.*

Just as Hammer was about to leave, Dzherman Gvishiani, a top Soviet science official, produced an untranslated draft of a pact that he suggested Hammer take back to the U.S. to study. Instead, Hammer flipped through it for 30 seconds and changed just one word, scratching out "draft" and substituting "agreement." Then he signed it and handed it back to Gvishiani. When the Russian began to hem and haw, Hammer asked in mock amazement how the Soviet official could possibly object to signing his own draft. After those theatrics, the agreement was an anticlimax; it is a nebulous "technical cooperation" that commits neither Occidental nor the Soviets to anything except consultations between their experts.

The consultations eventually are supposed to hatch three main deals: 1) the fertilizer transaction; 2) development by the Soviets, with the help of U.S. technology and capital, of natural gas fields around Yakutsk in Siberia; and 3) construction by Americans of a hotel and trade center in Moscow. All three projects face high hurdles. The ho-

tel-trade center deal is rather vague, but Hammer hopes to put together a U.S. consortium that would arrange all design, construction and financing and turn over completed buildings to the Soviets. The fertilizer transaction, by his estimate, would require an investment of \$100 million for an Occidental fertilizer plant in Florida. Counting the cost of tankers to carry the products, the total U.S. investment might have to be \$400 million; who would raise the money, how and where is most unclear.

Development of gas from the field around Yakutsk would require Occidental and a partner, El Paso Natural Gas, to supply technological help and money to build pipelines and tankers to carry liquefied natural gas to the U.S.; Occidental would take payment in gas, which it would sell in America. Hammer himself concedes that at least \$3 billion in American money will be needed, but insists that Washington will guarantee the necessary loans. His logic: "We in the U.S. need the gas, or else we just face having more brownouts." But within the Nixon Administration, officials are debating whether the U.S. really does need Soviet gas or can make do with fuel from other sources. James Akins, a White House consultant who is helping to draft President Nixon's message on energy policy, says that the Administration is considering guaranteeing loans to finance two Soviet gas deals, but he adds that Occidental is not involved in either one.

Undeterred, Hammer vows to keep visiting Moscow "until we get them [the Soviets] all signed up." Perhaps he will one day achieve the biggest breakthrough toward expanded East-West trade. But he has yet to prove that his ability to conclude firm deals matches his talent for generating publicity.

COMPUTERS

A Settlement for IBM

Peace negotiators have been meeting secretly for the past year at law offices in Manhattan and Minneapolis-St. Paul to settle a long and chafing conflict between two industrial powers. On one side was International Business Machines Corp. of Armonk, N.Y., the world's largest maker of computers; on the other was Control Data Corp. of Minneapolis, which ranks fifth in the U.S. computer industry. Last week the companies announced an agreement: Control Data lawyers consented to drop the company's four-year-old antitrust suit against IBM.

Both sides could claim a victory. IBM, which controls at least two-thirds of the entire computer market and has a reputation as a tough and unrelenting competitor, had been accused in the suit of all sorts of monopolistic mischief. With the settlement, IBM executives disposed of the antitrust complaint without having to admit to the charges.



CONTROL DATA'S WILLIAM C. NORRIS
A worthwhile rage.

IBM may also have weakened another serious challenge. The Justice Department has its own antitrust suit pending against IBM, and Government lawyers have been relying on Control Data attorneys for help in understanding the labyrinthine complexities of the computer business. As part of the settlement, Control Data agreed to end that assistance.

In return for dropping its suit, Control Data won a good deal. For about \$16 million, it will acquire IBM's Service Bureau Corp., a subsidiary that processes customers' data and sells time on its own computers. Wall Street analysts reckon that the Service Bureau's real market value is closer to \$60 million. In addition, IBM will buy services from the bureau for five years, stay out of the services business itself in the U.S. for six years and reimburse Control Data for \$15 million in legal fees spent on the case. Total cost of the package to IBM: at least \$80 million. William C. Norris, Control Data's one-man-gang chairman, said that the daring suit had turned out to be "one of the best management decisions in our history."

Norris has long held a grudge against IBM. Control Data, founded in 1957 by Norris and seven other computer engineers who quit Sperry Rand Corp., rose to prominence by concentrating on a part of the market that IBM did not dominate: the large computer used mainly in scientific research. In 1963, Norris' engineers came up with the biggest "number cruncher" of all, the 6600. But before Control Data could put it on the market, IBM announced that it would introduce a giant computer of its own, the System 360 Model 90. Such is the magic of IBM's name that a word from Armonk was more persuasive than a machine from

*In fact, Lenin died in bed at his home in Gorki, and his Kremlin desk, which is shown to tourists supposedly in the state he left it, is crowded with all manner of objects.

BUSINESS

Minneapolis. Control Data was technologically far ahead in the contest, but IBM's announcement dried up orders for Norris' 6600. In a rage, he filed the antitrust suit.

Norris' reprisal will speed Control Data's financial recovery. The firm lost a total of \$46 million on computer operations in 1970 and 1971, but will probably report a small profit on them for 1972. Acquiring the Service Bureau, which last year earned \$1.5 million on revenues of \$63 million, will swell Control Data's profits, as well as make the company a power in the services business. Control Data now has 27 service centers of its own and will pick up 44 more from the Service Bureau.

IBM executives have been close-mouthed about the settlement, but competitors see it as an admission that the men from Armonk are taking the threat of antitrust more seriously than they have admitted. Last week the company reported record net income of \$1.3 billion on record revenues of \$9.5 billion for 1972. Still, says Control Data's Norris: "We found that IBM marketing pressures that we had challenged lessened considerably" after the suit was filed. Until the Justice Department's antitrust challenge is resolved, IBM may well avoid any attempt to fold, spindle or mutilate the competition.

ENTREPRENEURS

Fortune's Cookie

John Kenneth Galbraith, not one to fawn over anybody, effuses that she "combines scholarship and political sense with damn good food." Former Harvard President Nathan Pusey calls her place "not merely a restaurant, but a cultural exchange center." Danny Kaye trades recipes with her. Dr. Paul Dudley White, the heart specialist, wrote the introduction to her cookbook. To the cerebral celebrities and hungry students of Cambridge, Mass., Joyce Chen, proprietor of a Cambridge restaurant that bears her name, is the Chinese Julia Child. In fact, when Child dines out, she is likely to be found munching pressed duck at Joyce Chen's.

The wizard of the wok is an entrepreneur of major proportions. Her 400-seat restaurant overlooking the Charles River grosses \$1,000,000 a year; a second Joyce Chen's will open next month, also in Cambridge. She distributes her own line of Chinese cookware, retailed through such outlets as New York City's Abercrombie & Fitch, St. Louis' Famous-Barr and Boston's Jordan Marsh. More than 70,000 copies of *The Joyce Chen Cook Book* have been sold since it first appeared a decade ago. Mrs. Chen performs on her own Julia Child-style television show, which has gone into reruns on as many as 100 stations in the U.S. and Canada. Recently the Chinese government designated her as import agent in the U.S.

for some spices, art pieces, chinaware and tea. So far, Joyce Chen's activities have earned her a personal fortune of more than \$1,000,000.

Mrs. Chen's import franchise fell into her lap when she got a visa to visit relatives in China last year. Liao Chia-Jeng, a brother who was killed in the Shanghai Rising of 1928, had become a popular Communist hero. When Chinese officials realized that Liao was her brother, they let her travel unescorted throughout the country for two months, asked her to be an adviser to the Chinese Board of Trade and granted her the import concession.

She also brought back dozens of new recipes. Some, like firepot lamb in hot sauce and sliced fish in wine sauce with sweet olive flowers, have already found their way onto her Cambridge menu. Others, like camel's hump and

STEVEN HARRIS



JOYCE CHEN AT HER RESTAURANT

Be happy in your wok.

bear's paw, will appear as soon as she can find a constant source of supply. "I feel even closer to the Chinese people now than when I left nearly 25 years ago," she says.

She left China in 1949 with her husband, an importer, and together they opened a restaurant in Cambridge. Since then Mrs. Chen, now 55, has learned to take the sweet with the sour. She divorced her husband in 1966; later he and his new Japanese bride opened a Japanese restaurant not far from the present Joyce Chen's. In addition, six of Mrs. Chen's former chefs have left over the years to open restaurants of their own. She does not object to training future competitors. In fact, she is negotiating with the Labor Department to run a job-training project that would teach Americans to become Chinese chefs, using her kitchen as the classroom.

STOCK MARKETS

Opening the Club

Stock exchanges are tightly knit clubs, and hardly anything has agitated their members more than the question of whether to let in the managers of mutual funds, pension funds, insurance companies and bank trust departments. By forming or buying brokerage subsidiaries that could trade on the exchanges, these institutional investors could save tens of millions of dollars every year in commissions. Many old-line brokers fiercely opposed institutional membership out of fear that they would lose commissions. Last week the Securities and Exchange Commission came out with a curious compromise: it ordered the exchanges to admit the institutions—but under conditions so restrictive that many of them may not want, or be able, to join.

The SEC decreed that brokerage affiliates of most investment institutions can join exchanges only if they do 80% or more of their business directly with the public and a mere 20% for their parent organization. If the brokerage subsidiary of a mutual fund expects to trade, say, \$20 million worth of stock for the fund every year, it could join an exchange only if it could scare up another \$80 million of business from outsiders.

First Time. Theoretically, the SEC action is of major importance. It marks the first time that the Government agency has told the exchanges whom they can and cannot admit. But in practice it probably will mean little to the ordinary investor. Possibly some mutual-fund salesman may offer to handle the investor's trades as well as try to sell him shares in the fund. But the biggest institutions have little chance of generating a public brokerage volume four times as large as their own trades, and thus would have to continue funneling most of the fund transactions through outside brokers. Accordingly, they could not save enough on commissions to make significant reductions in the fees that they charge to buyers of mutual-fund shares.

The controversy is unlikely to end with the SEC ruling. Some influential Congressmen are annoyed with outgoing SEC Chairman William J. Casey for acting without their prior approval. Democratic Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey has offered a bill that would ban institutions that join exchanges from executing any trades at all for their own funds—but only if the exchanges agreed to accept negotiated, nonfixed commissions on any trades worth more than \$100,000. That way, brokers now on exchanges would be forced into sharp new bargaining with their biggest customers, and institutions probably could get commissions lowered enough to offer significant savings to the buyer of mutual-fund shares or the holder of rights in a pension fund.

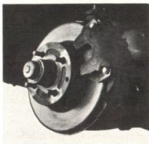
ONE OUT OF 10 LITTLE CARS HAS ALL THIS.



The strength of two steel roofs, not just one.



The comfort of molded full-foam bucket seats.



The stopping power of big 10-inch front disc brakes.



The safety of a side guard beam in each door.



The smoothness of a coil spring at each wheel.



The zip of an aluminum block overhead cam Four.



The economy of an air filter that lasts up to 50,000 miles.



The quiet of a built-in power ventilation system.



The handling of a superb little road car.

VEGA'S THE ONE.



Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Highway safety begins at home. Buckle up before you leave.



Matchless Malice

THE JOHN COLLIER READER
by JOHN COLLIER
571 pages. Knopf, \$10.

Among the reasons that the shuddery miniatures of British short-storyist John Collier are so satisfactory is that his fine talent is given direction by an equally splendid gift of malice. He does not much like man and his works, and is even less fond of woman and hers. He also has a deep and evident distaste for the dreary stuff that silts up lives and is called Reality. Collier's fictional method is to spit neatly into Reality's eye, and then watch mockingly as Reality fishes for its soiled handkerchief. To the reader, the spectacle can seem wondrously funny.

One of Collier's themes is Beating the Game. In his *Season of Mists*, a rotter named Bert goes girl hunting at a seaside resort. His manner is sleazy, his person shopworn, and in August, as he knows, he would not have stood much chance. But it is November, the bitter end of the season, and the girls still to be found will settle for less, which is to say for Bert. He worms his way to the good side of a gorgeous and lonely barmaid named Bella, only to find that she has an identical twin named Nellie. How to capitalize on this embarrassment of wenches? Bert invents his own identical twin, Fred, who shares the special job with him and thus can only appear when he, Bert, is at work. He marries both barmaids, and then achieves quadruple bliss by—as Fred—seducing Bert's wife, and—as Bert—reversing the outrage. But now, he realizes, he is dou-

bly cuckolded (by himself, but never mind). This is intolerable, so he leaves separate notes in which Fred and Bert threaten to drown each other. He makes it appear that their bodies have been lost at sea, after which, he reports, "there was just time to get the train for B—, and it was there that I met Mrs. Wilkinson."

Another recurrent Collier theme is Not Quite Beating the Game. In *Bottle Party*, a fool named Frank becomes the owner of two bottles, one containing a clever genie and the other imprisoning the most beautiful girl in the world. Frank uses the genie and enjoys the girl, who is also loving and compliant, but he is disquieted when he notices that whenever the girl emerges from the bottle, she wears a look of heavy-lidded satiation. He is jealous, and the genie, who is very clever indeed, leads him on by observing that there is more room in bottles than one would think.

Frank dives in for a look, and the genie stops up the bottle, returns it to the dusty store from which it came, and prepares to entertain the most beautiful girl himself. "In the end," writes Collier wickedly, "some sailors happened to drift into the shop, and, hearing that this bottle contained the most beautiful girl in the world, they bought it up by general subscription of the fo'c'sle. When they unstopped him at sea and found it was only poor Frank, their disappointment knew no bounds, and they used him with the utmost severity."

Collier's language is economical and stinging and his standards of malevolence are consistently high. Three or four of these 47 stories might well have been omitted from the collection, but the rest are matchless. The sly and funny short novel, *His Monkey Wife*, is also included, a model of prose technique and misogyny. A bottle of your very best girl, waiter, for the editor who had the happy inspiration to collect the work of this master. ■ John Skow

Two for One

LEO AND THEODORE
by DONALD NEWLOVE
341 pages. Saturday Review Press.
\$7.95.

For all its lilting wordplay, the vitality of its episodes, the accessibility of its meaning, sentiments and broad comedy, Donald Newlove's second novel can be quite demanding. After finishing the last page, the reader may feel bound to answer a difficult question: Would he pick up hitchhiking 30-year-old Siamese twins, drenched and not too sober, carrying a trumpet, a trombone, a suitcase, a bag containing laundry and a bust of Ludwig van Beethoven?

Do not laugh—or at least do not laugh in the wrong places. For there is



DONALD NEWLOVE WITH HORN
Bodies and soul.

much in *Leo and Theodore* that can get the sludge moving down at the "heart-works" (Mr. Newlove's word). There is the thematic opening passage, an evocation of ideal father-and-son solidarity expressed in a brief description of a family sturgeon hunt on Lake Erie. And some 25 years later there is that final highway scene in which the Siamese twins, Leo and Teddy, hoist dripping thumbs in the hope that some sympathetic motorist will help them move bodies and soul out of that upper New York State region where they have overstayed their childhoods.

Born on the day the stock market crashed in 1929, Leo and Teddy are joined forever at the hip by a tough, flexible band of flesh. Their father Durwood is an odd-job country dreamer; their mother Stella is a former hat-check girl. The twins hop about town with the nimbleness of a randy goat. The local moviehouse and pub are their real academies; indeed a case can be made that much of the novel is a celebration of the drinking life.

Freaks, failures but preposterously optimistic, Leo and Teddy grow to manhood trying to be like everyone else. If their early years suggest the Katzenjammer Kids, their later years are X-rated Laurel and Hardy. They booze, dream of becoming professional jazz musicians, chase and frequently catch girls. There are Leo days, Teddy days, and occasionally Leo-and-Teddy days. "I never thought it would be like this; I mean, Siamese twins, holy Christmas," says one young virgin.

Newlove, author of a highly appreciated first novel, *The Painter Gabriel* (echoes of Joyce Cary's *The Horse's Mouth* in New York's East Village), uses a light, syncopated style to move his twins quickly through the years and a series of jobs: countermen, attendants to a decaying old industrialist, driver of a brakeless ambulance. It must be inferred that Leo is the one on the left, since he does the driving.

But it is Teddy who gets the sad-



JOHN COLLIER AT TEA
Girl in the bottle.

SCULPTURE

207076: *Horus Falcon*. Egyptian, 378-324 B.C. Original in the Louvre. List \$15. Intro. price \$6.75.

206375: *Ree, Guston Lachaise*. Abstract. 50" high including marble base. Original in Philadelphia Museum of Art. List \$18.75. Intro. price \$8.50.

206235: *Giulio Battaglia*. Original bronze in the Albright-Knox Gallery. List \$27.50. Intro. price \$13.00.

BOOKS

107128: *The Mavis*. From Birth of a Nation to Easy Rider. Over 1,300 illustrations. List \$19.95. Intro. price \$4.00.

105346: *Collage*. By Herta and Paul Amirson. First major treatment and survey of collage as an art form. 106 illustrations, 40 hand-tipped full color plates. List \$35. Intro. price \$11.50.

105328: *Georges Braque*. Text—Pierre Descargues, Francis Ponge. Appreciation—André Malraux. 152 illustrations, 96 in full color. List \$45. Intro. price \$15.00.

103141: *Edvard Hopper*. 16" x 11". 226 illustrations. 81 in full color. Pulpouts. List \$30. Intro. price \$15.00.

102632: *Dali*. 271 illustrations. 80 color plates. List \$35. Intro. price \$10.50.

105328: *Lost America*. Edited by Constantine M. Greff. The demolished architectural treasures of the country. Over 250 structures illustrated. List \$17.95. Intro. price \$5.75.

101796: *The World Atlas of Wines*. By Hugh Johnson. The labels, the vineyards, 130 photos plus maps and drawings. List \$25.00. Intro. price \$7.75.

108969: *The Shell: Five Hundred Million Years of Inspired Design*. Sea shells. 203 illustrations. 82 color. List \$25.00. Intro. price \$9.75.

107672: *American Indian Art*. By Norman Fessler. 302 illustrations. 60 in color. List \$35. Intro. price \$11.75.

108018: *Essie Art Tadi*. By Volker Kahmen. Illustrations. List \$14.50. Intro. price \$6.00.

102772: *The Pin-up: A Modern History*. By Mark Cohen. Examples from Beaudry to Penthouse. List price \$20. Intro. price \$6.

105198: *Picasso: The Artist of the Century*. By Jean Leymarie. The most comprehensive book on his work. 627 illustrations, 108 in color. List price \$17.50. Intro. price \$12.

106161: *The Hudson River and Its Painters*. By John K. Howat. When it was clean. 102 plates. 72 in color. List \$25.00. Intro. price \$7.50.

100137: *Madison World Drama: An Encyclopedia*. By Myron Mathew. List \$25.00. Intro. price \$7.50.

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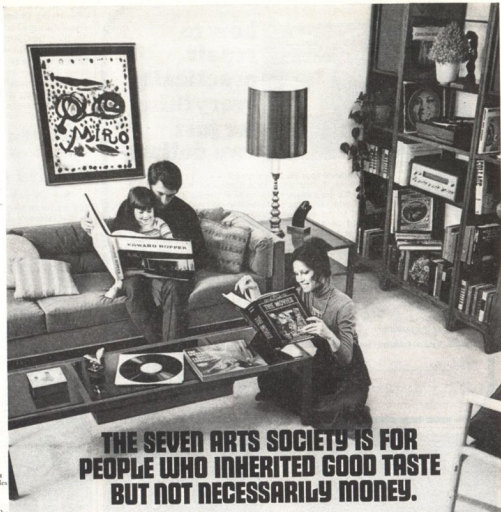
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BOOKS

dest and truest line. "We spend all our time trying to keep cheerful," he confesses during a break in the antics. Holding their freakish reality at bay is, nevertheless, a full-time job that draws heavily on the twins' seemingly endless store of hope. Perhaps its source may be found somewhere in that laundry bag, humming in D minor, under the bust of Beethoven. **R. Z. Sheppard**

Fight at the Frontal Lobe

THE MAN WITH A SHATTERED WORLD

by A.R. LURIA

165 pages. Basic Books, \$6.95.

Nobody promised Comrade Zaset-sky a rose garden; it did not seem necessary. Before going off to fight the Germans in 1941, he was young, healthy, bright and idealistic. He had three years

ELLEN T. ROSENTHAL



A.R. LURIA

Mind over matter.

of polytechnical training behind him and a beckoning future in research or development, or perhaps even a prestige niche in Soviet middle management. But in March 1943, outside of Smolensk, a German bullet not only destroyed Zaset-sky's future but eliminated most of his past as well.

The wound damaged a part of his brain that deciphered perceptions of the world and bound them into some kind of order. Like a broken mirror with some pieces missing and others jumbled, Zaset-sky's shattered mind reflected the world as senseless fragments. He could not tell left from right; he could not be sure where his arms and legs were. He saw a pair of glasses as disparate lines and circles that could just as well have been a bicycle—if he could only think of the word.

Although Zaset-sky could still speak in those simple phrases and sentences that had become reflexive, he could no

longer remember anything he had learned. In the hospital he tried to decide—while attempting to muffle his rising urgency—whether to ask for a bird, a duck or a bedpan.

Not only did the logic of grammar escape him but the wound left him with half vision. Unless he moved his head, he could see only half a page, half a word, half a letter. The ability to analyze was also gone. During a prolonged reschooling period, a simple statement like "An elephant is bigger than a fly" took hours of explaining before the relationship was understood. Grasping a basic geometry theorem meant up to two months of solitary "thinking," only to have the theorem forgotten days or even hours later.

Shattered World. "This strange illness I have is like living without a brain," writes Zaslavsky. How long it took him to compose that sentence is not precisely known. But after 25 years of daily effort, he has managed some 3,000 pages about his illness. *The Man with a Shattered World* is a selection of Zaslavsky's writings, arranged and commented on by A.R. Luria, professor of psychology at the University of Moscow. The book is equally as remarkable a document as Luria's *The Mind of a Mnemonist* (1968), which was about a man, otherwise rather ordinary, who suffered from a mind that could not forget anything.

The determination with which Zaslavsky fought—and still fights—to escape "that know-nothing world of emptiness and amnesia" makes him anything but ordinary. The mystery of his doggedness lies somewhere in the undamaged frontal lobe of his brain. There, at the seat of the personality and emotions, he was able to battle, as Luria says, "with the tenacity of the damned." Writing is Zaslavsky's laborious way of thinking. His achievement is that he has managed, after untold agonies and frustrations, to describe his unending confusions with terrible clarity. It would take a lobotomized Samuel Beckett to match it.

■ R.Z.S.

Saving "Soul"

ALTERNATING CURRENT

by OCTAVIO PAZ

215 pages, Viking, \$7.95.

The more flamboyant political leaders of Latin America—the Fidel Castros, the Che Guevaras—are familiar to the point of cartoonist's clichés. But what does the ordinary North American citizen and/or reader know of Latin American cultural leaders? For instance: Octavio Paz, Mexico's foremost poet and essayist—hardly a North American household name.

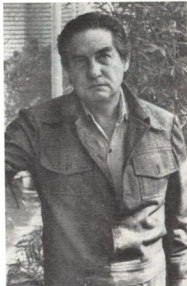
Paz, 58, is not an apolitical man. Like other modern poets (the Frenchman St.-John Perse, the Greek George Seferis), he has made a career as a professional diplomat. He was Mexico's Ambassador to India when he resigned

from the diplomatic service for, in fact, the most political of reasons—to protest the killing of Mexican university students by soldiers and police in October 1968.

Yet Paz states flatly: "The Third World needs not so much political leaders, a common species, as something far more rare and precious: critics." The essays he has collected here may constitute their own persuasive evidence in behalf of Octavio Paz's priorities. The author once wrote a literary want ad describing the need for "an Indonesian Swift or an Arab Voltaire." He pretty well fills that job himself.

To Paz, the Third World is not simply a political or economic concept but a psychological state, consisting of "madmen," "lovers" and, of course, poets as well as "colored peoples" and ex-colonials. Essayist Paz regards "revolt"

BERNARD RIEDERER



OCTAVIO PAZ
Message of renewal.

as "the form of our age," above all for the Third World. But his notion of revolt, being cultural rather than political, broadly defines itself as the impulse "to give *otherness* a place in his historical life."

Paz's Third World comes close to being a metaphysical entity: that element in humanity which has not yet been machined down by technology and bureaucracy, though it may very well want to be. The Third World, he writes, "wavers between Buddha and Marx, Siva and Darwin, Allah and cybernetics." It is "a reflection of a past that antedates Christ and machines; it is also a determination to be modern." Paz concedes the course of events. "The Third World is condemned to modernity and the task confronting us is not so much to escape this fate as to discover a less inhuman form of conversion."

"Imagination" and "soul" are words that occur again and again in these es-

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BOOKS

says. They are still alive, if not always well, in the Third World, Paz believes, and his primary concern is to save them. In his quest for allies he ranges far and wide. He examines fellow Latin American artists like Pablo Neruda (whom he calls "a poetic continent") and the film maker Luis Buñuel (whom he compares to Goya). He looks to Marshall McLuhan, then looks away from him — as a "prophet," alas, only of Madison Avenue.

He even considers a little help from drugs: "Is pharmacy a substitute for grace?" Paz's answer is no. But it is also no for Hindu philosophy and avant-garde art — and perhaps in all three cases for the same reason. Paz is finally ill at ease with any state in which "nothing ever meets our eye but our own gaze." He needs nature, as a poet and as a man, and he believes that the Third World, including Latin America ("an eccentric, backward part of the West"), is peculiarly close to nature.

At times, Paz's suggestions become a bit fanciful. He proposes "the incarnation of poetry in collective life: the fiesta," and grows mystical about woman-as-savior, pronouncing her "a place where the natural world and the human are reconciled." But as a man of the Third World, Paz is by vocation a believer in alternatives, in new ways in which tradition and change can nourish each other. In his special detachment, he can afford to regard the past with love, the future without panic. More than just Third Worlders should be heartened by his message of renewal. Borrowing the words of the French poet Gérard de Nerval, Paz promises: "Those Gods whose deaths you still mourn will return." ■ Melvin Maddocks

Best Sellers

FICTION

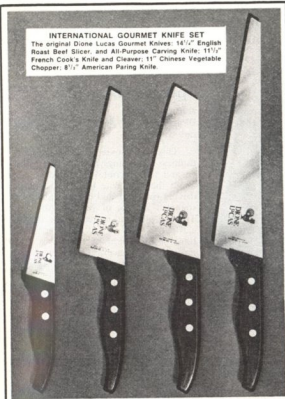
- 1—The Odessa File,
- 2—Forsyth (2 last week)
- 3—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (1)
- 4—August 1914, Solzhenitsyn (3)
- 4—The Persian Boy, Renault (5)
- 5—Semi-Tough, Jenkins (4)
- 6—The Camerons, Crichton (6)
- 7—The Eiger Sanction, Travonani (8)
- 8—Elephants Can Remember, Christie (7)
- 9—The Winds of War, Wouk (9)
- 10—Green Darkness, Seton (10)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Best and the Brightest, Halberstam (11)
- 2—Harry S. Truman, Truman (2)
- 3—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (3)
- 4—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (6)
- 5—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (5)
- 6—Superwoman, "Smith" (4)
- 7—All Creatures Great and Small, Herriot (8)
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THE SPIDER'S STRATAGEM

Directed by BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI
Screenplay by BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI,
EDOARDO DE GREGORI and MARIU PAVOLINI

Made in 1969 for Italian television, this mesmeric film is only now being released in America, in the wake of the wide acclaim for Bertolucci's *The Conformist* and in anticipation of the brouhaha over *Last Tango in Paris* (TIME cover, Jan. 22). Perhaps *Tango* may not so much sweep up *The Spider's Stratagem* in its wake as swamp it. *The Spider's Stratagem* boasts no superstars in the cast, no odor of brimstone and no heavy hype. It should not need them. Less exotic than *The Conformist* or *Tango*, certainly more subtle and contained, *The Spider's Stratagem* is Bertolucci's best movie.

Like such otherwise diverse works as Godard's *Contempt* and Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*, *The Spider's Stratagem* concerns the workings of myth, the complicity of fancy and legend in history. The screenplay is an extrapolation from a short fiction by Jorge Borges, *Theme of the Traitor and Hero*, in which a historical researcher, investigating the death of his great-grandfather, a political martyr, discovers that the man actually traduced his confederates. He collaborated in arranging his own murder at the hands of his allies, choosing "circumstances deliberately dramatic, which would engrave themselves upon the popular imagination and which would speed the revolt." Details of the death scenario were drawn from literature.

In Borges, the researcher becomes an accomplice to the fiction; in the Bertolucci adaptation, he becomes a victim of it. Borges' "oppressed and stubborn country" becomes Tara, a fictional village in the Po Valley, a place of old men and tenacious memories. The great-grandfather becomes a father. The researcher, Athos Magnani (Giulio Brogi), is summoned to Tara by his slain father's mistress (Alida Valli). A statue of the senior Magnani, resting upon a pedestal bearing the legend "vilely murdered by Fascist bullets," stands in the town square, surveying all who pass with unfurled, unchiseled eyes.

When Athos finally learns the truth about his father's treachery, he learns, too, that it is irrelevant. History, in a trim irony, becomes the distortion. The myth becomes the vital, seductive re-

ality. Inextricably ensnared in it, Athos cannot leave the town. At the station, successive announcements are made that the Parma train is late. Its arrival will probably be postponed infinitely. Athos kneels to look at the tracks. They are overgrown with weeds.

Bertolucci, like Borges, deliberately omits any explanation for the hero's initial treachery. Author and director both are interested not so much in the act itself as in its effects. The measures taken to mask the incident become a paradigm of the process of myth. Bertolucci suggests the perpetual, inexorable influence of the past by the



BROGI IN "STRATAGEM"
Timeless cloister.

ingenious expedient of having the characters—the mistress, the father's comrades—look in flashback as they do in the present: the same age, the same aspect, even, at times, a suggestion of the same costume. It gives a disquieting, eerie sensation, like staring into a mirror and seeing everything save yourself eeries decades younger.

In his phenomenal *Before the Revolution*, made in 1963 when he was 22, Bertolucci included a funny, affectionate café conversation during which a film intellectual says flatly that "the dolly shot is a moral statement." By such a playful standard, Bertolucci would be Pascal. No one since the late Max Ophüls (*Lola Montes*) has moved the camera quite so exuberantly, and with such easy, fluid symmetry. Such a luxurious style can sometimes weigh heavily on the material; in *The Spider's Stratagem* it complements the material, indeed reinforces it. Tara, its name recalling *Gone With the Wind* and conjuring up phantoms of romantic fiction, is turned into a single huge stage set on which the plot to conceal the treachery

is daily re-enacted like an eternal pageant. Bertolucci's ornate camera movements, along with the superbly lush lighting of Cinematographer Vittorio Storaro, stress the theatricality and artifice of the concept, making Tara a kind of sun-drenched cloister hewed out of time.

The Spider's Stratagem also contains what has become by now a hallmark of every Bertolucci film, a scene of dancing done with a certain intense but stately vigor. Here, the elder Magnani takes a partner and leads her proudly and gracefully round the dance pavilion, demonstrating his contempt for the astonished Blackshirts standing on the sidelines. It is a lovely, graceful scene, and suggests another title for the film, *First Polka in Tara*. Not as apt, perhaps, but probably more commercial.

■ Jay Cocks

Spangled Mascot

ELVIS ON TOUR

Directed by PIERRE ADIDGE
and ROBERT ABEL

This is a movie of missed opportunities: something very shrewd, pointed and telling could have been made about the man who began as a hard-driving rock star and became a sort of spangled mascot of Middle America. There is plentiful material here for social satire, the sort of thing the National Film Board of Canada did so nicely in their lacerating documentary on Paul Anka, *Lonely Boy*. Elvis might also have made a subject for a diverting visual essay on the sociology of pop. The filmmakers, who are responsible for the easygoing Joe Cocke documentary *Mad Dogs and Englishmen* (1971), aempt none of this. Instead they settle for compiling an obsequious family album.

The credits bill Colonel Tom Parker as technical adviser, a title that does not do him justice. The colonel has been by Presley's side since the beginning, a combination Machiavelli and mother hen without whose approval nothing goes out under the Presley imprimatur. While the colonel does not actually appear in *Elvis on Tour*, his influence is strongly felt. Thus, although it is supposed to be a documentary, most of the movie's scenes seem as spontaneous as the Sadlers Wells Ballet. The concert footage is sweaty and lifeless, the music a combination of housebroken rock and soul-less gospel.

A couple of minor and diverting curiosities are included: the presence—fleeting, alas—of an agonizingly unfunny comedian named Jackie Kahane; a fast, amusing montage of clinches from old Elvis pictures, featuring the star leering and nuzzling a variety of pneumatic starlets; and a close look, offstage and on, at the Presley wardrobe, which for sheer flamboyance probably has not been matched since the days of Marie Antoinette.

■ J.C.

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